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True Fame.

It may be glorious to write
Thoughts that shall glad the two or three
High souls, like those far stars that come in sight
Once in a century.

But better far it is to speak
One simple word, which now and then
Shall waken their free nature in the weak
And friendless sons of men.

To write some earnest verse or line
Which seeking not the praise of art,
Shall make a clearer faith and manhood smile
In the untutored heart.

He that doth this, in verse or prose
May be forgotten in his day
But surely shall be crowned at last with those
Who live and speak for aye.

The Guest.

BY MARY CLEMMER.

From out the great world's rush and din,
There came a guest;
The inner court he entered in,
And sat at rest.

Slow on the wild tide of affairs
The gates were closed;
Afar the hungry host of cares
At last reposed.

Then through the dim doors of the past,
All pure of blame,
Came boyish memories floating past—
His mother's name.

"Ah! all this loud world calls the best
I'd give," he said,
"To feel her hand, on her dear breast
To lean my head.

"I cry within the crowned day,
That would be joy,
Could she but bear me far away,
Once more her boy."

Man's strength is weakness, after all—
He stood confessed;
None quite can still the heart's wild call,
None quite are blessed.

Across the face that knows no fear
A shade swept fast,
As if a following angel near
That moment passed.

The sacred silence of the room
Did softly stir;
A splendor grew within the gloom
Of her, of her!

Out to the great world's rush and din,
Has gone my guest;
The battle blame, the praise men win
Are his—not rest.

Far out amid the earth's turmoils
A strong man stands,
Upheld in triumph and in toils
By unseen hands.

But who may lift with subtle wand
The masks we wear?
I only know his mother's hand
Is on his hair.

I only know through all life's harms,
Through sin's alloy,
Somehow, somewhere that mother's arms
Will reach her boy.

THE FLOODED GULCH.

I warn't never meant for no sailor, I warn't; but I come of a great nation, and when a chap out our way says he'll du a thing, he does it. I said I'd go to sea, and I went—and thar you are; I said I'd drop hunting, and take to mining, and thar I was; and that's how it come about.

You see, we was rather rough out our way, where Hez Lane and me went with our bit of tent and pickers, shooting-irons, and sech like, meaning to make a pile of gold. We went to Washoe, and didn't get on; then we went to Fort Laramie, and didn't get on there. Last, we went right up into the mountain, picking our way amongst the stones, for Hez ses: "Look here, old hoss, let's get whar no one's been afore. If we get whar the boys are at work already, they've took the cream, and we gets the skim milk. Let's you and me get the cream, and let some o' the others take the skim milk."

"Good for you," I says; and we tramped on day arter day, till we got right up in the heart o' the mountains, where no one hadn't been afore, and it was so still and quiet, as it made you quite deaf.

It was a strange, wild sort of place, like as if one o' them coons called giants had driven a wedge into a mountain and split it, making a place for a bit of a stream to run at the bottom, and lay bare the gold we wanted to find.

"This'll do, Dab," says Hez, as we put up our bit of a tent on a pleasant green shelf in the steep valley place. "This'll do, Dab; thar's yaller gold spangling them sands, and running in veins through them rocks, and yaller gold in pockets of the rocks.

"Then let's call it Yaller Gulch," I says.

"Done, old hoss!" said Hez; and Yaller Gulch it is.

We set to work next day washing in the bit of a stream, and shook hands on our good luck.

"This'll do," says Hez. "We shall make a pile here." No one won't dream of hunting this out."

"Say, stranger!" says a voice as made us both jump. "Do it wash well?"

And if there warn't a long, lean, ugly, yaller-looking chap looking down at us, as he stood holding a mule by the bridle.

Why, afore a week was over, so far from us keeping it snug, I reckon there was fifty people in Yaller Gulch, washing away, and making their piles. Afore another week was over some one had set up a store, and next day there was a gambling saloon. Keep it to ourselves! Why, stranger, I reckon if there was a speck of gold anywheres within five hundred miles our chaps'd sniff it out like vultures, and be down upon it.

It warn't no use to grumble, and we kept what we thought to ourselves, working away and making our ounces the best way we could. One day I proposed we should go up higher in the mountains; but Hez said he'd be blamed if he'd move; and next day, if he'd wanted me to go, I should have told him I'd be blamed if I'd move; and all at once, from being red-hot chums, as would have done anything for one another, Hez and me got to be mortal enemies.

Now, look here, stranger. Did you ever keep chickens? P'r'aps not; but if you ever do, just you notice this. You've got, say, a dozen young cocks pecking about, and as happy as can be—smart and lively, an' innercent as chickens should be. Now, just you go and drop a pretty young pullet in among 'em, and see if there won't be a row. Why, afore night there'll be combs bleeding, eyes knocked out, feathers torn and ragged—a reg'lar pepper-box and bowie set-to, and all 'acause of that little smooth, brown pullet, that looks on so quiet and gentle, as if wondering who made the row. Now, that's what was the matter with us: for who should come into the Gulch one day but an old store-keeping ort of fellow, with as pretty a daughter as ever stepped, and from that moment it was all over between Hez and me.

He'd got a way with him, you see, as I hadn't; and they always made him welkim at that thar store, when it was only "How do you do?" and "Good morning," to me. I don't know what love is, strangers; but if Jael Burn had told me to go and cut one of my hands off to please her, I'd ha' done it. I'd ha' gone through fire and water for her, God bless her! and if she'd tied one of her long, yaller hairs round my neck, she might have led me about like a bear, rough as I am.

But it wouldn't do. I soon see which way the wind blew. She was the only woman in camp, and could have the pick, and she picked Hez.

I was 'bout starin' mad first time I met them two together—she a hanging on his arm, looking up in his face worshiping him like some of them women can worship a great, big, strong he; and as soon as they war got by I swore a big oath as Hez should never have her, and I plugged up my six shooter, give my bowie a whetting, and lay in wait for him coming back.

It was a nice time that, as I set there, seeing in fancy him kissin' her sweet little face, and she hanging on him. If I was 'most mad afore, I was ten times worse now; and when I heerd Hez comin', I stood there on a shelf of rock, where the track came along, meaning to put half a dozen plugs in him, and then pitch him into the Gulch. But I was that mad that when he came up, cheery and singing, I forgot all about my shooting-iron and bowie, and went at him like a bar, hugging and wrastling him till we fell together close to the edge of the Gulch, and I had only to give him a shove, and down he'd ha' gone kelch on the hard rocks ninety feet below.

"Now, Hez," I says, "how about your darling now? You'll cut in afore a better man again, will yer?"

"Yes, if I live," he says stout-like, so as I couldn't help liking the grit he showed. "That's right," he said. "pitch me over, and then go and tell little Jael what you've done. She'll be fine and proud of yer then, Abinadab Scales!"

He said that as I'd got him hanging over the rocks, and he looked me full in the face, full of grit, though he was as helpless as a babby; but I didn't see his face then, for what I see was the face of Jael, wild and passionate like, asking me what I'd done with her love, and my heart swelled so that I gave a sob like a woman, as I swung Hez round into safety, and taking his place like, "Shove me over," I says, "and put me out of my misery."

Poor old Hez! I hated him like pyson; but he wasn't that sort. 'Stead of sending me over, now he had the chance, he claps his hand on my shoulder, and he says, says he: "Dab, old man," he says, "we can't all find the big nuggets, and if I'm in luck, don't be hard on yer mate."

Then he held out his fist, but I couldn't take it, but turning off, I ran hard down among the rocks till I dropped, bruised and bleeding, and didn't go back to my tent that night.

I got a bit wilder after that. Hez and Jael were spliced up, and I allus kep away. Hez used to come to me, but I warned him off. Last time he come across me, and tried to make friends, "Hez," says I, "keep away. I'm desprit like, and I won't say I shan't plug yer!"

Then Jael came, and she began to talk to me about forgiving him; but it only made me more mad nor ever, and so I went and pitched at the lower end of the Gulch, and they lived at t'other.

Times and times I've felt as if I'd go and plug Hez on the quiet, but I never did, though I got to hate him more and more, and never half so much as I did nigh two years arter, when I came upon him one day sudden, with his wife Jael, looking pootier than ever, with a little white-haired squealer on her arm. An' it riled me above a bit to see him so smiling and happy, and me turned into a bloodshot, drinking, raving savage, that half the Gulch was feared on, and t'other half daren't face.

Early one morning, as I lay in my ragged bit-of a tent, I woke up suddenlike, to a roaring noise like thunder; and then there came a whirl and a rush, and I was swimmin' for life, half choked with the water that had carried me off. Now it was hitting my head, playful like, agen the hardest corners of the rock it could find in the Gulch; then it was hitting me in the back, or pounding me in the front, with trunks of trees swept down from the mountains, for something had bust—a lake, or something high up—and in about a wink the hull settlement in Yaller Gulch was swep away.

"Wall," I says, getting hold of a branch and drawing myself out; some on 'em wanted a good wash, and this 'll give it 'em;" for you see water had been skeerce lately, and what there was had all been used for cleaning the gold.

I sot on a bit o' rock, wringing that water out of my hair—leastwise, no; it was some one else like who sot there, chaps I knowed, you see; and there was the water rushing down thirty or forty foot deep, with everything swept before it—mules, and tents, and shanties, and stores, and dead bodies by the dozen.

"Unlucky for them," I says; and just then I heard a wild sorter shriek, and looking down, I see a chap half-swimming, half-swept along by the torrent, trying hard to get at a tree that stood t'other side.

"Why, it's you, is it, Hez?" I says to myself, as I looked at his wild eyes and strained face, on which the sun shown full. "You're a gone coon, Hez, lad; so you may just as well fold yer arms, say amen, and go down like a man. How I could pot you now, lad, if I'd got a shooting-iron; put you out o' yer misery like. You'll drown, lad."

He made a dash, and tried for a branch hanging down, but missed it, and got swept against the rocks, where he shoved his arm between two big bits; but the water gave him a wrench, the bone went crack, and as I sat still there I see him swept down lower and lower, till he clutched at a bush with his left hand, and hung on like grim death.

"Sarve you right," I says, coolly. "Why shouldn't you die like the rest? If I'd had any go in me I should have plugged yer long ago."

"Hollo!" I cried then, giving a start. "It ain't—'tis—tarnation! it can't be!"

But it was.

There, on t'other side, fifty yards lower down, was a bit of shelf of earth that kept crumbling away as the water washed it, was Jael, kneeling down with her young 'un; and as I looked, something seemed to give my heart a jigg, just as if some coon had pulled a string.

"Well, he's 'bout gone," I says; "and they can't hold 'bout three minutes; then they'll all drown together, and she can take old Hez his last babby to nuss, 'cuss 'em! I'm safe enough. What's it got to do with me? I sha'n't move."

I took out my wet cake of 'bacca, and whittled off a bit, shoved it in my cheek, shut my knife with a click, and sot thar watchin' of 'em—father, and mother and bairn.

"You've been too happy, you have," I says out loud; not as they could hear it, for the noise of the waters. "Now you'll be sorry for other people. Drown, blame yer! stock, and lock, and barrel; I'm safe."

Just then, as I sot and chawed, telling myself as a chap would be mad to try and save his friends out of such a flood, let alone his enemies, blame me! if Jael didn't put that there little squealer's hands together, and hold them up as if she was making it say its prayers—a born fool!—when that thar string seemed to be pulled, inside me like, agin my heart; and—I couldn't help it—I jumped up.

"Say, Dab," I says to myself, "don't you be a fool. You hate that lot like pison, you do. Don't you go and drown yourself."

I was 'bout mad, you know, and couldn't do as I liked, for, if I didn't begin to rip off my things, wet and hang-to me. How they did stick! but I cleared half on 'em off, and then, like a mad fool, I made a run and a jump, and was fighting hard with the water to get across to Hez's wife and child.

It was a bit of a fight. Down I went, and up I went, and the water twisted me like a leaf; but I got out of the roar and thunder, on to the bit of a shelf where Jael knelt; when if the silly thing didn't begin to hold up to me her child, and her lips, poor darling, said, dumbly: "Save it! oh, save it!"

In the midst of that rush and roar, as I saw that poor gal, white, horrified, and with her yaller hair clinging round her, all my old love for her comes back, and I swore a big oath as I'd save her for myself or die.

I tore her dress into ribbons, for there warn't a moment to lose, and I bound that bairn somehow on to my shoulders, she watching me the while; and then, with my heart beating madly, I caught her in my arms, she clinging tightly to me in her fear, and I stood up, thinking how I could get back, and making ready to leap.

The flood didn't wait for that, though. In a moment there was a quiver of the bank, and it went from beneath my feet, leaving me wrestling with the waters once more.

I don't know how I did it, only that, after a fight and being half smothered, I found myself crawling up the side of the Gulch, ever so low down, and dragging Jael into a safe place with her bairn.

She fell down afore me, hugged my legs and kissed my feet; and then she started up and began staring up and down, ending by seeing, just above us, old Hez clinging there still, with his sound arm rammed into the bush and his body swept out by the fierce stream.

The next moment she had seized me by the arm, and was pinting at him, and she gave a wild kind of shriek.

"Save him!—save him!" she shricked in my ear.

What, Hez? Save Hez to come between us once more? Save her husband—the man I hated, and would gladly see die? Oh, I couldn't do it, and my looks showed it, she reading me like a book the while. No, he might drown—he was drowned—must be. No; just then he moved. But, nonsense! I wasn't going to risk my life for his, and cut my own throat as to the futur'.

She went down on her knees to me, though, pinting again at where Hez still floated; and the old feeling of love for her was stronger on me than ever.

"You're asking me to die for you, Jael?" I shouted in her ear.

"Save him—save Hez!" she shrieked.

"Yes, save him!" I groaned to myself. "Bring him back to the happiness that might be mine. But she loves him—she loves him; and I must."

I gave one look at her—as I thought my last—and I couldn't help it. If she had asked me dumbly, as she did, to do something ten times as wild, I should have done it; and, with a run, I got well up above Hez afore I jumped in once more, to have the same fight with the waters till I was swept down to the bush where he was.

I'd got my knife in my teeth to cut the bush away and let him free; but as I was swept against it my weight tore it away, and Hez and I went down the stream together, him so done up that he lay helpless on the water.

Something seemed to tell me to finish him off. A minute under water would have done it; but Jael's face was before me, and at last I got to the other side, with her climbing along beside us, and if it hadn't been for the hand she stretched down to me, I should never have crawled out with old Hez—I was that done.

As I dropped down panting on the rock, Jael came to my side, leaned over me and kissed me, and I turned away, for the next moment she was trying hard and bringing her husband to, and I was beginning to feel once more that I had been a fool.

I ain't much more to tell, only that the flood went down 'most as quick as it had come up, and Hez got all right again, and did well. They wanted me badly to be friends, but I kep' away. I felt as I'd been a fool to save him, and I was kinder ashamed like of it, so I took off to 'Frisco, where, after chumming about, I took to going voyages to Panama and back, and the sea seemed to suit me like, and there I stuck to it.

Slaughtering Cattle with Dynamite.

The London *Times* says that experiments were made recently at the Islington cattle market to illustrate the use of dynamite as a means of slaughtering cattle humanely. Mr. Thomas Johnson, of Dudley, had five bullocks in this way. To show the safety with which the explosive (Noble's dynamite) can be employed, small quantities were first burnt without any explosion.

The charge with which the cattle were afterward killed consisted of about an ounce, of a pinkish pasty substance, into which had been plunged a detonator on a fuse. The bullocks, bought that morning in the market, were led into Mr. Thomas Cross's slaughter house, and tied up to posts there in the ordinary way. Although many animals had recently been despatched with the pole-axe near by, the bullocks selected betraying no consciousness of their approaching fate. There was no tremor or sweat upon them.

The operator, fondling them, passed across the forehead a fillet of string secured round the horns, and so arranged that midway between the horns and eyes, and thus in the centre of the forehead, the charge of dynamite was placed, which formed the central and only ornament of the fillet. Then the fuse was fired, and in two cases the bullock was killed at once by the explosion of the ounce of dynamite. A hole was made in the skull by the force of the explosion, but the concussion was entirely local, and people standing close by felt nothing. They heard a loud report. The animals were immediately pithed by passing a cane down their spinal marrows to remove all sensibility, and in a quarter of an hour their carcasses, stripped of the hide, and divided into two, were hanging up as sides of beef, ready to be transported to the Metropolitan Dead Meat Market.

The brain was found to be entirely broken up. With the first bullock tried the experiment was less successful. The charge had been placed too low. The animal was felled, but struggled on the ground. A man was, however, ready with the pole-axe. He smote once, and no more, and the poor beast was out of its agony. Afterward a bullock was killed with one blow of the pole-axe, and another by the French method, the vertebræ being severed with a knife at the back of the neck. In each case the cane was used immediately afterward.

All three modes of slaughter, properly carried into effect, seemed as little cruel as is consistent with the necessity of inflicting death, but the pole-axe and knife, both used with consummate skill yesterday, require considerable practice to be employed with dexterity. In country slaughter houses, where the men have less experience, a thick-browed bull is sometimes struck again and again before he dies. The dynamite may be applied at leisure to the proper place, and the operator ought to be able to count on keeping it there. An objection to its use is in the report which it makes. The second bullock was obviously frightened by the noise of the explosion of the first charge. The three animals were killed in nine minutes at the expense of about 3d. In the Black Country, where dynamite is common as a blasting material for mines, it is said to be already in practical use in the slaughter house.

There is no funeral so sad to follow as the funeral of our own youth which we have been pampering with fond desires, ambitious hopes, and all the bright berries that hang in poisonous clusters over the path of life.

That Boy of Saunder's.

"Can you settle this little bill this morning, sir?" the collector asked, in his most insinuating tones and with his most reassuring smile.

"Sweet little Bill!" quickly rejoined the doctor; "Little Bill Saunders? Maybe I can't, just. I'd settle with him quick enough. Worst boy in the world, sir. Tied my gate shut the other night with a leather thong, and then wet the knot. Swelled so tight, by George, sir, I couldn't have untied it in an eternity and a half. Strap was so strong a team of oxen couldn't break it, and I had no knife. Couldn't climb a picket fence, and there it was—eleven o'clock at night—and I howling and yelling fit to wake the dead, trying to rouse some one up to bring me out a knife; and a policeman came along before I could make anybody understand who I was; and just as I was trying to explain wife opened her window and screamed 'Police!' Sister opened another window and shrieked 'Murder!' Children roared 'Fire!' and a policeman took me off and locked me up. Did, sir, for a fact. That Bill Saunders—has he been annoying your neighborhood, by the way?"

"That isn't the bill I refer to, sir," explained the collector, smiling, but in a rather sad tone of countenance, "I meant this little account—"

"Oh," shouted the debtor, reassuringly, and in a tone of the brightest intelligence and comprehension, "yes! it's the same one; that's him—Bill Saunders. Little account enough, I should say. No account at all. Why, bless you, sir, that boy is fourteen years old, nearly three years older than my Jim, and I don't honestly believe he ever did a day's work about his father's house in his life. My boy is away ahead of him in school to-day, and does more chores about the house in a day than Bill does in a month. He's no account for anything but mischief. Dropped a live cat—a great, big, roaring Thomas Henry cat—down MacElroy's sitting room chimney the other night. No fire in the stove, and cat yelled till the noise blew out the flue. Fact. Just roared and yelled and wailed till you could hang a hat on the noise as it came out the flue, and it cost MacElroy eight dollars to have the chimney cut out next day to let the cat out; and when the hole was made, sir, cat was half wild with fright and shot out like a rocket, and scalped the workman, clawed out the dog's eye and jumped on MacElroy's back and snatched a pound of flesh off his shoulder blades. It was just awful. Why, that boy—"

But the collector interrupted him to say, in a voice that was solemn with gravity of apprehension, that he wasn't speaking of any boy; he had a little matter here—

"Oh, pooh, pooh! Oh, pshaw," exclaimed the debtor, waving his hand with the same air of sublime reassurance and tranquilizing patronage that had before marked the tones of his voice, "not a bit of it, not a bit of it, my good sir; nothing the matter with him at all—no more than there is with me. It's just natural, inborn meanness, sir. I don't know that the boy does it for pure meanness, either. I won't say that; but it is wickedness, sir; it's original sin. Why, there ain't nothing the matter with the boy. He's healthy and he's smart; got a bright mind; thinks quicker than any boy in this town; goes in swimming 1st of March, and I have seen that young hating on the pond in December in his bare feet. Why, here one day last summer a poor wretch of a blind fiddler that was singing and playing around here lost his dog. Lean, smart, faithful, half-starved cur that led him around, fell into an old well down by the brick yard one day, and the old musician came near following him. Old man nearly heartbroken, you know, for the dog supported him more than his singing and fiddle did. Mighty smart dog, you know; splendidly trained, danced, went dead, collected the money, stood on his head and throwed all kinds of tricks. Well, I reckon the two was about two days trying to get the dog out. Sides of well were dangerous; nobody would go down. Well so deep and dark couldn't see the dog, but could hear him moaning and howling. Well, this Bill Saunders said he'd get him out. Got a clothes line and tied a big steel trap to it, tied on a good bait and let the trap down into the dark. Pretty soon hears a sharp, muffled, half-strangled short and yelp from the dog, and Bill hauled him up, wriggling and kicking, nose in the trap and trap holding on to him like a boy to a circus ticket. Why, this Bill Saunders—"

But the collector broke in rather impatiently to say that he had no time to listen to stories, and he wanted to know what he was going to do with this account of $17.85 which Tarv & Tret had against him, and which had been running over time nearly three months now.

The debtor took the bill and looked at it a few moments.

"Oh, yes," he said, very deliberately, after a while, during which the impatient collector fidgeted and danced about the room. "Oh, yes, T. W. Marmot. Yes, I knew him. Was in the building before I came here, and lit out only three weeks after I came to Burlington. You see, my name's J. H. Sinclair, I don't owe Tarv & Tret a dollar; never done any business with 'em in my life, and never will, so long as there's any place else in the market to buy. This man Marmot is in Texas. He's no good; a. d. b. You'll never get a cent on that bill in the world. You see, this Tom Marmot—"

But the indignant collector snatched the bill, and ejaculating—"Why didn't you tell me this before?" started out the door, leaving the entertaining tradesman to wonder what in the name of sense ailed the man, and if anybody was foolish enough to suppose that he was going to pay all of Tom Marmot's old bills just because he moved into his old stand.—*Burlington Hawkeye.*

How Some Women Make a Living.

A New York letter has this: The fern mania is spreading so that one woman in reach of New York has a fern farm, and makes a good income, sending both fresh and pressed ferns by mails. The little baskets of leaves and grasses with a dead butterfly poised on the picture, that ladies like to hang in their private rooms, require both taste and some knowledge of natural history to combine the materials, and their sale is one of the ways by which some in reduced circumstances try to earn a few shillings. It is hard work making a profit, for the fashionable florist expects to buy them for fifty cents apiece or less, even though he sells them for $3 in holidays.

Non-Combustible Wood.

At a recent meeting of the California Academy of Science in San Francisco, Dr. Behr called attention to a eucalyptus tree standing in the grounds of the old German hospital, on Brannan street. The tree had passed through the fire of August, 1876, and exhibited the peculiarity of resisting the action of the flame—a property well understood in Australia. Dr. Kellogg stated that eucalyptus shingles were in common use in Australia, on account of their being fire-proof. It was impossible to fire a roof of this material. There were some 132 species of eucalypti, but all seemed to possess this non-combustible property to some extent.

THE COUNTRY'S POPULATION.

Figures Showing the Increase in the Population of the United States Since 1790—Result, Forty-Seven Million People in 1880.

The New York *Sun* says: The speculative American mind is already exercised concerning the present population of our beloved country, and is guessing what that population will be in the year 1880—if this weary old world lives long enough to hail that year of enumeration.

Under ordinary and regular conditions the merest tyro in mathematics could forecast our increase. But the conditions are not ordinary, and great allowances must be made for variations. For instance, if we had a certain ratio of increase from 1840 to 1850, and from 1850 to 1860, it would naturally follow, supposing conditions equal, that something like a similar ratio would prevail for the next ten years. But the conditions are radically changed; the circumstances are not only different but exceptional, and no formula of the past can be made to apply. The war made fearful inroads into the population of the country. There was not only the loss by battle and attending evils, but the absence of half a million of young and middle-aged men necessarily reduced the natural increase in times of peace. There was a rapid decline in immigration; a decline that has continued to the present time, and bids fair to go still further. Between the arrival of half and less than a hundred thousand in a year, there is a very material difference. It should be noted, too, that the great majority of immigrants are men and women in the beginning of life, founders of immediate families.

These hints are thrown out to prepare the reader for the estimates, to be made further on, of the population of the Union now, and the probable population in 1880. Keep in view the tremendous drain by actual loss in the war, the natural retardation of increase in consequence of the absence of heads of families, and the sudden reduction of immigration.

Going back to the first census taken in 1790, we summarize the enumerations up to 1870. Bear in mind, however, that a considerable fraction of population has been added by annexation, as in the purchase of Louisiana and Florida, the conquest of Texas, the partition of Mexico, and the forlorn outpost of Alaska. Here is the summary:

Census of	Total Population.	Increase in 10 years.	Per cent. Inc.
1790	3,929,214		
1800	5,308,483	1,379,269	36.70
1810	7,239,881	1,931,398	36.34
1820	9,633,822	2,393,941	33.06
1830	12,866,020	3,232,198	33.57
1840	17,069,453	4,203,433	32.70
1850	23,191,876	6,122,423	36.45
1860	31,443,321	8,251,445	35.58
1870	38,558,371	7,115,050	22.63

The uniformity of the increase up to the war is very remarkable. Taken altogether, it shows a little more than three and a half per cent. a year. At that rate we should have had in 1870 about 42,500,000. We fell short about four millions.

We are getting well along into the last half of the decade, and several State enumerations were made in 1875. From these, and from the figures of the past, there may be found reasonable grounds for estimating the present population, and the probable population in 1880.

In the following table, compiled from the *Sun*, are given the population of each State for 1870, the estimated per cent. of increase between 1870 and 1880 in accordance with the ratio of increase between 1860 and 1870, and the estimated population in 1880. Surely each of these States must have increased since 1870 considerably faster than during the war period; yet we will take in round numbers very nearly the rate of increase from 1860 to 1870, and apply it as follows:

States.	Pop. 1870.	Per cent. Inc.	Pop. 1880
Alabama	996,992	4.00	1,036,869
Arkansas	484,471	12.0	525,6 7
California	560,247	20.00	840,370
Connecticut	537,454	20.00	644,744
Delaware	1125,048	10.00	137,516
Florida	187,748	30.00	244,262
Georgia	1,184,109	12.00	1,325,202
Illinois	2,5 9,891	50.00	3,809,836
Indiana	1,680,637	25.00	2,100,791
Iowa	1,194,020	26.22	1,507,060
Kansas	364,399	90.02	692,475
Louisiana	726,915	35.80	987,163
Maine	626,915		626,915
Maryland	780,8 4	12.00	875, 51
Massachusetts	1,457,351	26.70	1,846,473
Michigan	1,184,059	26.12	1,494,053
Minnesota	439,760	71.70	735,048
Mississippi	82 ,922	3.00	869, 18
Missouri	1,721,295	42.32	2,448,749
Nebraska	122,931	219.34	392,563
Nevada	42,491	47.30	62,587
New Hampshire	318,300		318,300
New Jersey	906,096	28.03	1,192,780
New York	4,382,759	16.71	5,027, 57
North Carolina	1,071,361	8.00	1,157,069
Ohio	2,665,260	15.00	3,065,049
Oregon	90,923	30.78	118,917
Pennsylvania	3,521,951	25.00	4,403,439
Rhode Island	217,353	37.62	299,128
South Carolina	705,606	33.40	941,288
Tennessee	1,25 ,520	12.04	1,409,540
Texas	818,579	40.00	1,146,010
Vermont	330,551		330,551
Virginia and W. Va	1,667,177	5. 0	1,750,536
Wisconsin	1,054,670	34.50	1,418,528
Totals	38,115,641	20.01	45,781,798

The Territories have not been taken into consideration in any of the above calculations. One of them (Colorado) has been admitted as a State since 1870. The native born population of all the Territories in 1870 was 348,530. At the rate they are growing this would mean nearly a million in 1880. So we may "guess" the entire popualtion at the next centennial census at somewhere near 47,000,000.

A Determined Self-Murderer.

Frank Saier, a German, of Fulton, Mo., was bound to make an end of himself, and this is how he proceeded to do it: Going into a portion of the kiln where he worked and where he would not be interrupted, he took off his apron, folded it up neatly, and then removing his hat, laid both aside. With a stone hammer he commenced striking himself on the head, fracturing the bone and inflicting a ghastly wound. But this process was too tedious and painful, so, laying aside the hammer, he drew a knife and endeavored to cut into the wound and force the blade into the brain. Failing in this, he stabbed himself several times. But fate seemed against him, for at every stroke the blade was stopped by a rib. Death seemed to avoid him. His patience was exhausted, and he gave up the attempt and came out of the kiln. Then a fellow-workman saw him all mutilated and bloody. Others were called and the would-be dead man was conveyed to his room. The patient appeared to be perfectly rational, and said that everybody was down on him and that he was tired of living. He survived a few days and then died.

An Incident of Colorado Life.

In a drear and wintry prairie opening called Summit Park, "Oregon Bill" has established his hermit home. His cabin is visible a mile down the meadow and a tin corkscrew of smoke was curling above its dirty roof when we passed. The other day whilst O. Bill was away thirty or forty miles at his next neighbor's, rebuilding a dilapidated leg or something, another fellow who wanted to be a hermit came along and jumped into Bill's possessions. By and by Bill came limping back home on crutches and the jumper met him at the door with his gun. Bill let go one crutch, held up his game leg, whipped out his revolver and blazed away. Then he walked off down to Saguache, sixty or seventy miles, told the story and gave himself up. An examination was had and he was discharged; a fatigue party was sent up to plant the other fellow and now of Bill's "right there is none to dispute."—*Denver News.*

Japanese Wrestling.

In the center of the amphitheatre a mound has been formed by banking up the earth to the height of a few inches. Two grave-looking elderly men, apparently the judges, now seat themselves upon mats on the mound, and unfurling their paper umbrellas, light their pipes, and commence smoking in dignified composure, while the two wrestlers doff their *kimonos* (robes) and enter the ring. They are very far removed from our idea of what an athlete ought to be, for though muscular they have an ungainly heaviness of figure. Weight is indeed thought of such importance in these contests that men are fattened for them like prize cattle, under the mistaken belief that such size is an advantage to the fortunate. A tedious preliminary performance has to be gone through before the actual business of wrestling commences. Each men comes to the center of the ring, and squatting down in front of his antagonist, raises each leg in turn, and then brings it down heavily on the ground, at the same time striking his body smartly with his open hand. I suppose this is meant as a sort of challenge; but it has an extremely ludicrous effect, at least to foreigners, to see two very fat men so employing themselves. Both men now quit the ring and take a draught of water and a pinch of salt, while they rub their arms and hands with mud, in order that they may get a better hold of each other's body. At length they re-enter the ring, and the real struggle now begins. They squat in front of each other like two huge frogs and strike their heads together, at the same time uttering a curious hissing noise, which gets louder and louder, till they suddenly fly at each other like angry cats. Heavy blows and slaps are exchanged freely in the effort to close, but umpires are behind each shouting out cautions at any attempted infringement of the rules on either side. When they have fairly got hold of each other many a cunning feint and twist is shown, and the struggling bodies and limbs entwine so rapidly that the pair look like one gigantic octopus. At length the bout is concluded by one man being hurled bodily out of the ring into the crowd outside, and the cheering from the excited spectators is absolutely deafening. The victor stalks about the ring for some time in great dignity, receiving the congratulations of his friends, and then repeats his former challenge, striking his body heavily and crowing like a bantam cock. Another wrestler, nothing daunted, at once comes forward to try his fortune; while the vanquished combatant, who has picked himself up amid a running fire of chaff from the unsympathizing crowd, resumes his *kimono* with an assumed air of indifference and vanishes behind the spectators.

A Very Queer Wedding.

Three young men of Newark, N. J., Charles Lutz, Frederick Griener and George Diertvill, were brought before Special Police Justice Otto, recently, on a charge of conspiracy and subornation of perjury. The arrests were made upon the affidavits of George Hart and his daughter Elizabeth. Lutz, Miss Hart's counsel claims, clandestinely married her, hoping thereby to extort money from her family. Miss Lutz is a minor, being only fifteen years old. Her beauty is not spoken of in enthusiastic terms. She is an only child, and her father is a respectable and prosperous citizen living at No. 165 Hamburg place, and works as an engineer in Joseph Hensler's brewery. Lutz, the groom, who is now under $1,000 bail because of his being a groom, is a dyer by trade, and his acquaintance with Miss Hart was slight, and possibly will remain so.

On a recent Sunday Miss Lizzie left her home to get a tooth extracted, as she was suffering intensely. On the corner of Broad and Market streets she met Lutz and his friends, Griener and Diertvill. They asked her to get into a car with them; she refused at first, saying she did not know where they would take her. They entered, however, and rode over a mile, leaving the car near Belleville avenue. While walking along the streets one of Lutz's friends proposed they should call upon a minister and Lutz and Lizzie get married. Again she objected, but they persuaded her that it was to be just for a joke. Before entering, however, they told her she would be asked her age, and she must say she was eighteen. After further objections, she agreed to this. The four called upon the Rev. George M. Boynton, pastor of the Belleville Avenue Congregational Church, and requested that he should marry Lutz and the girl. The minister asked her age, and one of the young men answered for her, eighteen. Mr. Boynton was not satisfied, and resolved to put them under oath, Lutz swore he was twenty-four and she to eighteen. Upon this they were married, and the girl at once went to her dentist's, then home, where she has remained.

Monday a friend of her family named Kummerk came to Mr. Hart and told him that a party to which his daughter was going that evening was a pretext to get her where she could be married. Upon this information her father questioned her and learned the facts as above stated. He was incredulous and called upon Mr. Boynton, who assured him of the fact and presented him with a certificate of marriage to which was appended the sworn statement of the two young people as to their age. Acting upon this, he made affidavits before Justice Otto, and the three were arrested forthwith. Their bail was fixed at $1,000 each, and an examination set down for the following Tuesday. The motives of Lutz and his friends have not been ascertained.—*New York World.*

Clerical Statesmen.

There have been two or three members of the United States Senate who were preachers. Of these we recall Everett, of Massachusetts; Colquitt, of Georgia; and Tipton, of Nebraska. In the House there have been a few ministers, notably Hilliard, of Alabama, and Seelye, of Massachusetts. There has been but one member of a cabinet, besides Mr. Everett, who has added preaching to politics, and he is Secretary Thompson, of the navy. The Rev. J. C. Fletcher, writing in reference to him in the Indianapolis *Journal*, says: When on a visit to Terre Haute a few days ago, I ascertained a fact about our secretary of the navy, which I have never seen in print. As I was on my way to church, in company with one of the oldest citizens of Terre Haute, I noticed a carriage driving in the direction of the country, and my companion remarked: "That carriage contains Hon. Mr. Scott and wife. Mr. Scott is the ex-member of Congress from this district. They are going to a little country Methodist church in the vicinity of Secretary Thompson's farm. It is there that Col. Thompson is in the habit, when at home, of each Sabbath expounding the Scriptures to his farmer neighbors. He is now spending his vacation with us, and every Sabbath he really preaches the Gospel. In this he is ably encouraged by his wife, who is one of the 'salt of the earth.'"

A gentle heart is like ripe fruit which bends so low that it is at the mercy of every one who chooses to pluck it, while the harder fruit keeps out of reach.

Fashion Notes.

Boas are round and two yards in length.

Shetland seal is the finest and costliest.

Alaska seal is the strongest and most durable.

Bridal veils are worn under the bridal helmet.

Bronze colors are preferred in feather trimmings.

Mandarin feather trimming is an eccentric novelty.

Sealskin is still the favorite fur for hats and bonnets.

Seal dolmans are shown at some of the leading houses.

Squirrel lock lining retains its popularity for silk cloaks.

Fur borders will probably be very fashionable this winter.

Sealskin sacques are made in small sizes for little children.

Chinchilla is the favorite dressy fur for the coming season.

The Princess is the favorite style for making up morning dresses.

Muffs are of medium size, made up softly, without stiff interlinings.

The old rule of crape collars and cuffs for first mourning is discarded.

Long cloaks of fur seal are handsome garments for driving and sleighing.

Plain jet is preferred to *clair de lune* or variegated jet by fashion purchasers.

Armure and Sicilienne silks are the favorite materials for fur lined garments.

Most of the artificial wreaths made this season have the leaves of velvet or satin.

Artificial cut flowers are preferred to natural ones for table or parlor ornament.

The long circular cloak with a Russian collar is the most popular fur lined carriage wrap.

The handsomest seal sacques are bordered with some other fur, such as chinchilla, otter or beaver.

The handsomest fur lined garments have chinchilla, sable, silver fox, ermine, and blue fox linings.

The novelty in bridal garniture is garlands composed of orange flowers, buds, leaves, and small oranges.

Collars and cuffs of fine linen cambric, finished with a broad hem, are the correct thing for first mourning.

Sea otter bands of dark brown shades, with silver hairs inserted at intervals, are seen among the handsomest high priced fur trimmings.

A very handsome artificial wreath is made of cardinal red satin Marguerites and satin leaves of the same color, with a few black satin leaves interspersed.

Bridal helmets are now substituted for bridal wreaths. They consist of tiers of orange bl

The Centre Reporter.

FRED. KURTZ.....EDITOR.

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CENTRE HALL, Pa., Dec. 6, 1877.

Edwin H. Fitler, a Philadelphia merchant, is mentioned as a candidate for the republican nomination for governor.

There is a doctor Fitler in Philadelphia who cheated us out of $3 worth of advertising, if the republicans will nominate him for governor, it will be a gratification to us, as we would like an opportunity to "go for him."

When the fraudulent Vice President Wheeler gave the casting vote, in favor of seating Kellogg, an interesting discussion ensued, on the power of the Vice President to give a casting vote on a question involving the right of a Senator to a seat. The Democrats generally held he had no such power, and Mr Eaton of Connecticut, pledged himself, if a Senator was seated by Wheeler's vote, to move to declare his seat vacant in 1879, when there will be no dispute as to who controls the Senate.

Let Senator Eaton be as good as his word, and have [Kellogg] ousted if his seat is to be given him on the casting vote of the Vice President if it be found he had no right to vote upon a matter of that kind.

Philadelphia had a grand cat show last week. The report says among the cats on exhibition are specimens with two, three and six legs, also double-headed cats, matched quartets, quintets and sextets, prodigies and monstrosities, Angola, Caffre, caracal and charagan cats tailless and earless cats, blue-eyed cats and cats with one blue and one brown eye, and cats with various numbers of toes and of all colors. The competition is principally as to weight and age, the largest weighing from fourteen to thirty pounds. The ages of some run up to twenty, and there are animals two yards long.

Many of our exchanges express surprise that congress has been in session over one month already, and Butler has not yet been heard once. We suspect Ben is too busy scouring spoons just now.

The democrats of this state now have all the state officers, excepting governor and intend to capture that too next fall. Stand from under, rads, bayonets no longer in use to carry states for you. People will now have their choice.

Philadelphia having had a national cat show last week, and soon have a baby show. We think the prize for being the biggest baby in the land can easily be taken by Conover of Florida.

Pithy and facetious is the Pittsburg Post on the Sharon business. It says the Nevada Senator is vexed at the Macedonian cry of his fellow Radicals at Washington, and threatens, if there is any more of it, to resign his seat. This is the first time since 1776 that the threatened resignation of an officeholder has frightened any one, but every Republican Senator whose hair is not already white began to turn at the very thought of Sharon's resignation, and a Democrat from the sage brush and alkali plains appearing in his place. Sharon will be disturbed no more. He will not have to hide himself, and sadly sing: "Ophir a lodge in some vast wilderness."

Mr. Hayes has appointed Mr. Fitzsimmons, an out-and-out Democrat, as Marshal for Georgia, and the appointment was confirmed by the senate—all the democrats, with Matthews, Patterson and Conover, voting in favor. There was much bitterness by the republican senators against Hayes, in executive session, and Conkling succeeded in putting a block in the way of Hayes' appointments for New York. Matthews is a friend of the administration, therefore voted for Fitzsimmons, while Patterson and Conover are opposed to Hayes and voted for Fitzsimmons because they thought the appointment of a democrat would damage Hayes.

The South Carolina legislative investigating committee on the Patterson bribery charges, has submitted a report which gives an epitome of the testimony taken before the committee, including that of about forty ex-members of the legislature, white and colored republicans, whose evidence concurs in the statement that Patterson's election was secured through bribery. About twenty testified that they were bribed either personally by Patterson or by his agent, Worthington, receiving amounts ranging from one hundred and fifty dollars. About twenty more testified that offers of bribes were made to them and refused. Elliott, the colored ex-member of congress, who was Patterson's most formidable opponent, was offered $15,000 to withdraw from the contest, which he refused. The offer was made by J. B. Dennis in the name of Patterson. Major Martin R. Delaney, colored, was present and corroborated Elliott's statement. Governor Moses afterwards appointed J. B. Dennis jury commissioner to draw jurors for the protection of Patterson when he was indicted in 1873 for procuring his election by bribery, and the arrangement was successfully completed.

There must have been a bloody set-to in the Pittsburg Evening Telegraph office—the issue of 30 ult., which reached this office, was spangled with bloody gore. The Evening Telegraph is a good paper all through. Spicy, newsy and full of interest. We put it down as one of our favorites.

The fall of Kars is attributed to a Turkish Pasha who with 200 men passed over to the Russian camp and gave valuable information about weak points and was paid for his treachery.

Grant has sent home a large box of presents received in various parts of Europe. He is the ever present taker.

Hard times are shutting up many liquor saloons in the cities. So we have it now what hard times are good for.

Victor Hugo refused to receive a visit from Grant because he hob-nobbed with the Paris monarchists.

The Pope is still in a precarious situation, and his death is looked for soon.

If the Pope pops over won't it be all over with the Pope?

The lawers of Wilkesbarre have organized a walking club. If many of our lawyers would walk to parts unknown, it would be better for society.

Richmond had a slight snow fall on the morning of the 29—the first of the season.

Sing Sing prison for the first time reports its earnings from convict labor above its expenses.

Lewistown, rumor has it, is to have extensive car shops.

The New York Sun says the question raised by Mr. Thurman yesterday as to the constitutional right of the Vice-President, as presiding officer of the Senate to throw the casting vote in the case of a tie on the swearing in of a Senator is of sufficient importance to be definitely settled. So far as the letter of the Constitution goes, his right to vote when the Senate is equally divided is not limited, unless the provision that each House of Congress shall be the judge of the elections, returns, and qualifications of its own members be construed as a limitation. Moreover, Mr. Hoar was able to cite a quasi precedent—a case in which a Vice-President by his casting vote elected a Chaplain of the Senate, twenty-seven years ago. But it requires only a moment's thought to feel the weight of Mr. Thurman's objection. If the Vice-President has this unlimited power, a State may be deprived of its right to equal representation by accident—its choice on the floor of the Senate by the single vote of a man who is not a member of that body; the disapproving Senators are powerless to prevent the wrong; and George Mason and Luther Martin were in the right when they criticised the office of Vice-President at the time of its creation as an encroachment upon the powers of the Senate. It would be an unfortunate business to have the casting vote utilized—or abused—in this way by a legally elected Vice-President, but the matter becomes much more serious when the chair of the Senate is usurped by the accident of a fraud.

Almanacs for 1878—Farmers, Housekeepers, Comic and other almanacs at only 3 cts each, Welch's, Bellefonte.

RASCALS GETTING JUSTICE.

The notorious South Carolina rascals who ruled the state like a set of robbers with nothing but plunder in view and kept themselves in office by keeping down the people through the aid of Grant's federal soldiers, have at length—a batch of them—been tried and convicted for their high-handed crimes, and with the following result:

Columbia, S. C., November 26.—Judge Townsend's court reconvened this morning. After the judgment of his honor was rendered upon the motion of arrest of judgment, made by counsel for Smalls and Cardozo about ten days ago, which judgment was averse to the motion, sentences were passed as follows:

Francis L. Cardozo, ex-treasurer of South Carolina, for conspiracy to defraud the state, two years imprisonment in jail and $4,000 fine, and one year's imprisonment added if the fine is not paid at the expiration of two years.

Smalls, member of congress, for accepting a bribe of $5,000 while member of the state senate, three years at hard labor in the penitentiary.

L. Cass Carpenter, formerly proprietor of the Columbus Daily Union, for forgery in raising the amount for publishing the law in his papers, two years in jail and a fine of $1,000.

Appeals will be made in all the cases.

Smalls has been out on bail and a motion was made to continue the bail in his case, which has not been decided. Pending the decision as to bail he remains in custody of the jailor. Cardozo remains in jail, where he has been for some weeks, but application for bail has been made by his counsel. No effort to bail Carpenter has been made.

Brackets, Slipper Racks, and Towel racks at Welch's, Bellefonte.

THE GRANGERS.

The Grangers are holding their national convention or grange at Cincinnati. The reports for the year do not show a very promising growth considering the rapid progress of former years. Twenty-six States were represented the first day. The statistics submitted show that in 1877 the new granges established numbered 165 against 884 in 1876. The President in his address stated his belief that the membership would "crystallize at about 450 000 members, representing 250,000 to 300,000 families. In Ohio, Indiana and Pennsylvania the order is represented as strong, active and progressing; in sixteen other States its prosperity is undoubted; in eleven it has lost ground, and in the remaining States it is practically dead. The largest membership reported was in 1873 when it reached 761,263, falling off in 1876 to 588,525. The membership for 1877 is not reported.

An immense stock of Pocket Books at prices ranging from 5c up, at Welch's Bellefonte.

The Charleston Conrier, of a late date, publishes some curious statistics in regard to the comparative mor ality of the whites and blacks in South Carolina. In the city of Charleston there is a remarkable equality in point of numbers between the whites and blacks. There are 25,982 whites and 26,587 colored. The health statistics of the city show that the total number of deaths for this year, from June 1 to November 5, was 1,481, of which 1,029 were colored and only 452 whites. The News and Courier says that the cause of this great disparity lies deeper than want of food, comfort or proper medical attendance. In proof of this it cites the comparative mortality of the two races in the city hospital, where there is an absolute equality of treatment in every respect, and where two negroes die to one white man. From these facts the inference is pretty strong that under the most favorable circumstances the colored population must eventually go to the wall in this country. They do not seem to have the vital force to compete with the white races in the latitude of the United States.

A great variety of Toilet Sets and Vases, at Welch's, Bellefonte.

Tyrone Forges have resumed work again with prospect of going all winter.

A big knock down in rents in Tyrone. All the better for the poor these hard times.

There is prospect for an extension of the Bedford division of the Penn'a RR. to Cumberland city.

About the funniest thing out is to hear our Republican brethren bleating plaintively that unless something is done p. d. q. the President will be left with the Senate, as well as the House, under the control of the opposition. Inasmuch as the Republican leaders of the Senate have been pigeon-holing his nominations and opposing his policy, and doing all that lay in their power to hamper him, it couldn't make things any worse for him to have the Senate Democratic, even if he were not assured of fair treatment wherever he merits it.

The Republicans conferred the suffrage on the negroes, and so increased the power of the South in Congress. They created the carpet-bag Senators, and so prepared instruments for their own destruction. And during the past sixteen years they have accumulated a fine armory of precedents, the edges of which we hope to try on the inventors during the next sixteen.

"Election euchre" is a new game at cards, played with the ordinary euchre pack, to which is added a new card marked "Allunde Joe." The game is fifteen points up, with the chances of eight to seven against its being in the pack after the deal.

The Cincinnati Enquirer, say: "Sharon at first thought of coming, at it was so announced, but he telegraphed, under date of Thursday, from San Francisco, in a private dispatch to George C. Gorham, clerk of the senate, as follows: 'I have 3,000 tons of silver waiting for the silver bill, to pass, and am engineering a movement in Ophir stock. Senate can go to h—?' Hence it would be useless to wait for him."

Photograph, Autograph and Scrap albums in endless variety at Welch's Book store, Bellefonte.

——Mr. George W. English, of Milroy, aged about 70 years, who has been suffering for the past year or two from rheumatism, went home from the Sunday School Convention on Saturday, 24, and took pneumonia, suffering intensely until Tuesday morning, when death relieved him.

Good Envelopes for 5c per pack, at Welch's, Bellefonte.

THE RING ROBBERIES.

ANDREW GARVEY, THE PLASTERER AND DECORATOR, MAKES INTERESTING REVELATIONS.

New York, November 21.—The aldermanic committee's investigation into the frauds of the Tweed ring was resumed today. Andrew J. Garvey was the first witness, and testified that he had done a large amount of work for the city, being a plasterer and decorator.

Upon being asked if he ever received any money from the city which he did not return, he replied that he never did, but other persons received money on his contracts. The witness stated that in January, 1868, an addition of 15 per cent was asked by direction of Woods, who told the witness this 15 per cent. was for the supervisors. This percentage was increased to 30, 45, 50 and on to 70 per cent.

Woodward in his years told him that the percentage had to be divided among five persons, namely, Tweed, Connolly, Sweeney, Oakey Hall and Hugh Smith. The witness did work for the city from January, 1868, to the summer of 1870. He deposited in bank the warrants received for the work done for the city to the amount of $1,177,413.72; of this sum the witness received $397,798.53.

The real value of the work done was only $264,660. The witness did work on private houses belonging to Walter Roach, Tweed, Connolly and others, for which the city paid. The witness was building a house for Connolly on the corner of One hundred-and-thirtieth street and Fifth avenue.

It was a large, splendid double house with a handsome coach house in the rear. For the work he did on this house the city paid $247,406, of which he received $119,972, the balance going to the ring in percentages.

The real value of the work done on Connolly's house was between $50,000 and $60,000. The house was not completed when the witness had to leave the city. The witness said he did a large amount of work for private parties for which the city paid—for Tweed, about $90,000 worth; Hugh Smith, $20,000 worth; Connolly (on his house and stable on Park avenue), $38,000.

He also did work on the houses of Connolly's children, Mrs. Fithian, Mrs. Hutchings and Townsend Connolly. On Hutchings' house, in Thirty-eighth street, he did work which Mrs. Hutchings said her father would pay for. He had bills against the city which Connolly was holding back from payment. Connolly told him to receipt his bill for work done on Mrs. Hutchings' house, and gave him his individual check on the Central bank, telling him to bring back the money received for the check.

He went to the bank, got the check cashed, put the money in envelopes and took it back and gave it to Woodward, who gave it to Connolly, witness receiving nothing for work done on Mrs. Hutchings' house, but he was compensated in the general way afterwards, on contracts for work for the city.

Witness also did work for John Fox, for which the city paid; for Andrew J. Blakely and Hank Smith, police commissioners. Witness got no benefit from the money drawn fraudulently out of the city treasury. It went to others, and he had to comply with the fraudulent arrangement so as to get what was right himself. He had given a check for over $500,000 to members of the board of audit.

The total amount drawn fraudulently from the city by the instrumentality of his contracts would probably be a million and a half of dollars. Witness gave $50,000 to a pool to effect legislation in 1870. Connolly told him that the legislature was very expensive, and that it would cost them $1,000,000 that year. The committee then adjourned until to-morrow, when Woodward, Ingersoll and George S. Miller will be placed upon the witness stand.

Confections for the Holidays, Teachers supplied at wholesale, at Welch's store, Bellefonte.

THE FIGHT IN THE SENATE.

CONOVER AND THE DE FACTO VICE PRESIDENT PUT KELLOGG AHEAD.

Washington, November 28.—Immediately after the reading of the journal Mr. Wadleigh, chairman of the committee on privileges and elections, moved to proceed to the consideration of the resolution reported by that committee for the admission of Mr. Kellogg as senator from Louisiana.

Mr. Thurman (Ohio) objected, and read the eighth rule, which provides that no bill, report of a committee or other subject upon the calender shall be proceeded with in the morning hour unless by unanimous consent. A lengthy discussion in regard to the rules ensued, which was participated in by Messrs. Edmunds, Thurman, Wadleigh, Wallace and others.

Finally, Mr. Wheeler decided that the subject was a question of the highest privilege, and could be considered in the morning hour, notwithstanding objection.

Mr. Thurman appealed from the decision of Mr. Wheeler, and the yeas and nays being called the decision was sustained—yeas 29, nays 28—Mr. Patterson voting with the democrats in the negative, and Mr. Conover voting with the republicans in the affirmative.

Mr. Davis (Ill.) did not vote when his name was called.

The question then being, will the senate proceed to the consideration of the resolution reported by the committee on privileges and elections declaring Mr. Kellogg entitled to the seat as senator from Louisiana, the vote resulted—yeas 29, nays 29.

Mr. Wheeler voted in the affirmative, and the resolution was taken up.

Mr. Conover voted with the republicans in the affirmative, Mr. Patterson and Mr. Davis (Ill.) with the democrats in the negative.

Mr. Thurman then moved to amend the resolution by striking out all after the word "Resolved," and insert "that M. C. Butler be now sworn in as senator from South Carolina."

Mr. Edmunds said he did not want time used unnecessarily, and therefore he suggested that a vote be taken on the admission of Mr. Kellogg on Friday next at 1 o'clock p. m., and on the admission of Mr. Butler on Saturday next, at 1 o'clock. [Laughter on the democratic side.]

After it was decided to take up the Kellogg case quite a lengthy debate sprung up between Messrs. Wadleigh, Hill, Hoar, Saulsbury and McMillan, all members of the committee on privileges and elections, as to the status of the case of Mr. Eustis, claiming a seat in the senate from Louisiana, for the term ending March 4, 1879; the democratic members denying that his case might have been reported before this time, and the republican members claiming that it would have been already reported had not the committee been prevented from meeting yesterday by the continuous session of the senate.

The vote on Mr. Thurman's amendment to the resolution to seat Kellogg was then again in force, resulted, yeas 29, nays 31—Messrs. Davis (Ill.) and Patterson voting with the democrats in the affirmative, and Conover voting with the republicans in the negative.

Mr. Wheeler gave the deciding vote, and declared the amendment lost.

Mr Thurman arose to a point of order, and challenged the right of Mr. Wheeler to vote on this matter, as the question was one affecting the organization of the senate, and it was not a question where the provision of the constitution that the Vice President had the deciding vote, in case of a tie, applied.

A debate ensued, after which Mr. Thurman withdrew his challenge of the right of Mr. Wheeler to vote.

Mr. Saulsbury (Del.) then submitted an amendment to recommit the Kellogg-Spofford case to the committee on privileges and elections, with instructions to take testimony as to the various charges.

Messrs. Saulsbury and Hill addressed the senate in support of this amendment. Pending the discussion the senate adjourned until twelve o'clock to-morrow (Thursday.

Velvet Photograph frames of every style and very cheap, at Welch's, Bellefonte.

WHO WILL PAY MR. HAYES'S LOUISIANA COMMISSION?

Washington, November 29.—There promises to be quite a spirited time in the House over the item estimated for by the Treasury Department of four thousand odd dollars for the payment of the expenses of the Presidential commission which visited Louisiana last spring. This amount was originally in the Deficiency bill, but the Committee on Appropriations of the House to-day decided to strike it out. The only possible warrant of law for this expenditure was found to be under the head of the secret Service fund, but the committee doubted if the President had any authority to provide for the payment from that source, and they were more clearly of the opinion that Congress should not authorize any payment. The commission was a political one not authorized by law, its conclusions were not binding in law, and they in no sense represented anything but the President's views, and acted merely to him in an advisory capacity.

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SERVED RIGHT.

George Walters was elected Sheriff of Butler county last year, and took possession of the office after taking the oath declaring that he had used no money for corrupt purposes in obtaining his election. He was subsequently arraigned for having used money and violating the Constitution and swearing falsely. The Sheriff's counsel demurred; but the Supreme Court has reversed the court below, ousted the Sheriff from his office and he is henceforth ineligible to any office of profit or trust in the State. Although Mr. Walters was a Democrat, and in that much has our sympathy, we cannot help saying he was served right, if guilty. Let the laws be faithfully executed in all respects and upon all subjects, and there will be little need of more legislation in this country.

Baskets of every description, at Welch's Bellefonte.

BUTLER AND KELLOGG BOTH SWORN IN.

Washington, December 1.—A vote upon the main question to admit Kellogg was called at 2 o'clock this morning, and resulted—yeas, 30; nays, 28—both Conover and Pattterson voting in the affirmative. Mr. Thurman, after the announcement of the vote on this question, moved that M. C. Butler be sworn in as a Senator from South Carolina. He said if there was to be no debate he would waive his right to close the argument. Messrs. Conkling and Edmunds both agreed to an immediate call of the vote, and it was so ordered, resulting—yeas, 29; nays, 28. Senator Davis voted negatively upon the first proposition and although present at the second vote did not vote at all. Senator Dorsey then moved that Kellogg be sworn in, and Patterson made a similar motion in behalf o Butler. Both motions were agreed to without debate.

The admission of Senators Kellogg and Butler will be followed next week by the admission of Senator-elect Eustis, of Louisiana. The latter's case was reported to the Senate to-day by the Committee on Elections by a vote of 6 to 3, two Republicans, including the Chairman, being in the affirmative, and as there is no doubt whatever that he will be sworn in without delay. The Senate at the regular session of this Congress therefore will contain a full representation of all of the States for the first time since the Forty-second Congress.

Patterson's Remarkable Speech.

The Washington special of the Times says of Patterson's speech on Saturday:

The crowd in the galleries gave a preliminary rustle and settled down to listen, and all the Senators laid aside their reading and letter-writing to listen to a remarkable speech. Patterson began by an assertion that was most acceptable to the Republicans, and one they hardly dared to hope for, which was that he should vote for Kellogg. If this part of his speech pleased Edmunds and Conkling their pleasure was soon neutralized, for the recalcitrant Senator next turned on those gentlemen, and by word, voice and gesture gave them such a drubbing as they never had before. Everybody was surprised at Patterson's power. His voice is good and his earnestness quite took possession of the galleries, while the substance of his remarks was not only pointed but the points were well placed and strong. He chose the most contemptuous words in alluding to Edmunds and Conkling, and they, who are noted for their sneering, may now know how it is themselves. He turned the attention of every man, woman and child in that vast assembly toward the two men and pointed his long finger directly in their faces. He showed his disgust and hatred as much by the tone of his voice as by his words and gestures. The speaker soon turned from Conkling and Edmunds to speak of the contestant Butler, whom he extolled in high terms.

An Attack On The President.

He referred to the Chamberlain government and its overthrow, and also to the negro riots and murders. His effort attained real power when he spoke of the untried and unpunished murderers. "Who holds back the arm of justice from these murderers?" and then he repeated the question in a voice like a storm. Here he paused a moment, and then in a very impressive tone, his body shaking with anger, he answered his own question "That man in the White House." The scene here was very dramatic and the greatest interest was depicted on every face. He attacked the President furiously and made some good hits at Evarts and Schurz, and subsequently he said that the musty banner of the Confederates had been carefully unrolled and the key was found to lock the Post Office Department against Southern Republicans. He ridiculed the President's declared intention of invigorating and restoring the Whig party, and said Mr. Hayes would be the champion resurrectionist if he could ever put together the dry bones and ashes of that organization, and, as for the other class referred to by the President, Mr. Patterson said the religious portion of the South worship God and Democracy. His speech contained some pathos, and it was overwrought in places. He used the name of the Deity with much too great familiarity, and swung his arms more than was necessary to give force and meaning to his words, but, take the speech all in all, it was rather remarkable. It is not too much to say that John Patterson stands to-night much better with his Republican associates than ever before, and he has shown more ability and power than it was thought he possessed. His attack on the President was the first open one in the Senate, and it probably gratified more Republicans than it offended.

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THE MINISTRY OF SORROW.

A Sermon by the Rev. Chauncy Giles at the New Jerusalem.

He took the 67th and 71st verses of the 119th Psalm as his text: "Before I was afflicted I went astray; but now have I kept thy word. It is good for me that I have been afflicted that I might learn thy statutes."

"Sorrow," he said, "is a sad companion of all human beings. It follows us always. The strong cannot conquer it; the swift cannot escape it; wealth is powerless against it, and it attacks alike the shrewd and the sluggish. For a time perhaps we are free from sorrow only to feel its pangs later. Man impatiently asks, 'Why does the Lord permit sorrow to afflict the sons of men?' He has often answered the question, but the answer has not generally been understood because it is not the one we want. There is an error into which we are apt to fall. The Lord does not send sorrow on us. He permits it to afflict us, but he sends nothing but blessings. He gives us faculties by means of which we feel joy. When we misuse these same faculties they become means of pain. Let us take the parental affections as an example. A child newly born causes a joy to its parents which can scarcely be excelled, while the sorrow caused by the loss of the child is as great. The same is true of all our faculties. It is true that it is said in the Scriptures that the Lord sends suffering. This is only in a general sense. God gives a power to enjoy, which may become a means of pain. When a child burns its hand in the fire God does not send the pain. The child suffers because of a natural law. Let us never accuse God, then, of making us suffer. It would be impossible to make us capable of physical pleasure without making us capable of pain also. It is the same with the spiritual nature of man. Suffering comes as a natural consequence of sin. But God is very merciful, and uses suffering to make the sinner repent; the pain vanishes, and there remains behind only sorrow for his sin, which protects him in the future.

In a complicated piece of machinery every wheel must do the work which it is appointed to do and no more, and must keep the exact position in which it is placed. Likewise, to have harmony in man, every faculty must do its own task, and must not strive for a supremacy which does not belong to it. Generally, the physical nature is constantly endeavoring to get control of the man, and if it succeeds, suffering is inevitable. A few months ago I saw in the garden of a friend a magnificent cluster of roses. He told me that the year previous the roses were sickly, and that he had been advised to cut them all off in order to improve the bush. At first he hesitated, fearing to ruin the plant But at last he did as he had been advised The result was that the roses were more beautiful than before. And, after this he began to cumulain to me of the hard times, paying no attention to the lesson taught by the roses. In order to have the greatest happiness we must go through suffering. As the leaves and the branches of the rose bush flourished at the expense of the flowers, so our body sometimes gets the better of our spirit. Then the spirit grows sickly, and before it can recover the body must be chastened by affliction. This tendency of our physical nature to growth is the cause of our woes. All our ideas, all our energies are devoted to worldly pursuits; but the Lord knows that we have a spirit which is better than the body, and he tries to develop it. Hence a conflict. We seek after wealth and power and the happiness of this life, and God tries to show us the way to salvation. We turn our faces in one direction, while all the currents of spiritual life flow in another. The suffering which this conflict causes to different persons because their different natures, like the roots of different trees, have holds upon the earth differing in strength. Sorrow is a warning to us. So long as a man keeps the commandments he is happy. The physical and the spiritual natures are alike in this respect: When we take care of our body we suffer no physical pain, and a sickness, though it be but a headache, shows us that there is something which must be attended to. As pain shows the presence of disease in the body, so is sorrow a sentinel placed to warn us that we have gone astray. Sorrow acts also as a restraint and keeps us from sinning again. In society, criminals are placed in penetentiaries to prevent them from repeating their crime. Conscience performs a similar service for the spiritual man, and by sorrow, which is the remembrance of the pain, prevents us from committing the same sin. Sorrow brings us near to God. We little know how much we owe to even the small cares and worries of our daily life. If we met with none of these, would we ever raise our thoughts to a higher existence? There are common afflictions, but there are terrible ones which break upon us like thunder from a clear sky, or which we see slowly gathering about us, black and threatening. Your hopes are blasted, your property is destroyed, your health is broken or perhaps death has taken from you your very heart of hearts and you are left bereaved and desolate. And this has come upon you without any apparent fault of your own. The lesson taught here is that no trust should be put in such things, but that you should turn to the rock of ages and put your trust in him forever God took these things from you simply for the purpose of giving you something better in their place. He is more ready to give than ye are to ask. In exchange for the gold of this world you will have imperishable riches. Better friends will replace those whom you have lost. Your child that was taken from you to-day will have angels for his companions, and will be taught by them, and to-morrow you will receive him again. This seems to be an easy lesson to learn, but it is very hard to part with anything one prizes. Parents will cling to the vacant chair and refuse to look beyond where they can see that their child is not lost, but only taken from them for a while. God is full of compassion for the afflicted. He keeps near us with infinite patience and heals our hearts when we will let him. At the proper time he makes us see that our afflictions were meant to keep us from straying from home. In the end he restores us more than he took, until finally we say, 'It is good for me that I was afflicted.' May this be the end of our affliction."

THE WORLD.

FOR

1878.

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Subscribers can always tell how their accounts stand at the Reporter office by consulting the lables on their papers. If the lable reads "John Roe 1 jan '75" it means that John is indebted for subscription from the 1st of January, 1875, and that it is time he was paying the printer.

LODGE MEETINGS.

CENTRE HALL LODGE, No. 826, I. O. of O. F. meets every Saturday evening in the Odd Fellows Hall.
J. M. GILLILAND, Sect. H. P. SANKEY, A. G.

OLD FORT LODGE, No. 337, F. A. M., meets on Monday evening on, or before each full moon in the Odd Fellows Hall.
C. F. HERLACHER, Sect. J. A. FLEMING, W. M.

PROGRESS GRANGE, No. 96, P of H., meets at their Hall, Centre Hall on the Saturday on or before full moon at 2 P. M. and every two weeks after. Leonard Rhone Master. O. W. BOAL, Sect.

LOCAL ITEMS.

Writing paper and envelopes, in boxes, very cheap, at Welch's Book store.

——Centre Co Teachers' Institute, in the Court-house, Bellefonte commencing Tuesday, Dec. 52.

——Dr. Jacobs has purchased the property of Joseph Crotzer in this place—house and lot and 4 acres ground—at $1700.

——Telegraph poles are now scattered up this way as far as Spring Mills, and they will soon be planted and the wire strung over them ready for messages.

——The Hyner well is now nearly 2000 feet in depth, and no smell of oil; yet keep on ye brave men of Hyner. Soon you will get to China and strike tea.

——Freight charges on our railroad have lately been reduced to satisfactory figures, and there is no more cause to complain.

Mr. Isaac Guggenheimer, of Bellefonte is about starting a store in the place, in the room connected with Spangler's hotel.

——If you wish to have first class furniture, of home manufacture, call at Camp's rooms, Centre Hall.

——The mail is now carried on the cars as far as Spring Mills, whence it is taken by stage direct to Centre Hall. Mr. Ph. Frank's coach leaves Centre Hall at 10 a. m., for Spring Mills, and returns at 4 p. m., which secures direct through travel from Lewisburg to Centre Hall—distance of 57 miles—in about 7 hours.

At Boyers you can buy the finest Fur Hats in the market for $2. Latest style. 6dec 4t.

——The choicest York state apples, Baldwins, Rhode Island Greenings, Russetts, &c., to be had by the barrel or in less quantity, at Sechlers grocery,

——Mr. Daniel Gentzel, one of Gregg township's old residenters, died on 2nd.

Blank Books—a great variety, at Welch's Book store, Bellefonte.

——Mr. Jacob Sparr one of the oldest citizens of Harris township, died last week aged nearly 93 years. He was a citizen of that township upwards of 60 years.

Boyer sells the best calico for 6¼c an excellant article for 5¼ 6dec 4t

The little building recently put up on the turnpike opposite the school house, in Penn twp., shows a lack of modesty on the part of those who perhaps unthinkingly, had it erected there. It is altogether out of place where it is, and we wonder the turnpike company allowed it to be put on their road, so conspicuous to every passer by.

——Krumrein & Son, Spring Mills, are now under full sail for purchase of all kinds of grain and seeds, and sell all kinds of coal, plaster and salt, at their warehouse. They are reliable, pay highest prices and sell at bottom figures. Read their ad. in this issue of the Reporter.

——We have just learned that St. Nicholas has made his *Head Quarters* at The Old Reliable Book & Toy Store of H. Y. Stitzer; there is no use in trying to enumerate all there is to be seen there; go and see for yourself—and every thing, Oh, How Cheap! We just noticed on his bulletin board Almanacs at 2cts each. School Books at reduced rates. General Grant also does his smoking there now. 2t

List of letters remaining in the Post-office at Centre Hall, Pa., Dec, 1st, 1877:

Miss Mary Decker, 1; Miss Julia B. Sweeny, 1; Wm. H. Sanders, 2.

J. A. REESMAN, P. M.

At the last regular meeting of Progress Grange, No. 96, P. of H., the following resolutions were unanimously adopted.

Whereas, It has pleased Almighty God to remove from our midst our worthy and much esteemed brother, Dr. Peter Smith, a charter member of this Grange,

Resolved, That while we bow in humble submission to the divine will we cannot but regret the loss of such a worthy member and we hereby extend to the family of our deceased brother our heartfelt sympathy, referring them in the hour of their affliction to him who doeth all things well.

Resolved, That a copy of these resolutions be sent to the family of the deceased brother; that they be published in the county papers, and recorded upon the minutes of this Grange.

Resolved, That our charter be draped in mourning for the period of ninety days.

G. M. BOAL,
JOS. CROTZER, } Committee.
HETTIE LOVE,

Shawl and School straps, at Welch's, Bellefonte.

——Newman has got beyond competition in selling cheap Clothing. He has got ahead of all the rest, and they have given up the chase. He has conquered and the people have the benefit of it. Wonderful business man. So clever. Will do any thing in his power to please a customer and send him away satisfied. He does not deceive. Represents his clothing just what it is, and you always know what you have got, and cheap. Remember, this is Newman, at the Eagle Clothing Hall. Call and see him by all means.

Books of every description at Welch's Book store, Bellefonte.

——THINK OF THIS.—Outof one hundred thousand bottles of Jamaica Vegetable Health Elixir sold last year, $1,000 were saved to the purchasers. This is one reason that we sell this valuable medicine at ninety-nine cents per bottle; and another reason is that we desire to attract public attention to it wherever it is not generally known. For all common diseases, such as headache from disordered stomach constipation, loss of appetite, indigestion, billiousness, and a debilitated state of the system from impoverished blood, this remedy stands without parallel. Regular size and sample bottles for sale by F. P. Green Bellefonte.

——None can successfully compete with Sechler and Co. for selling good and cheap groceries. Give them a call and try some of their goods and you will want to go back again.

POTTER SCHOOL TAX NOTICE.—Notice is hereby given, the duplicate of School Tax for the township of Potter, has been placed in the hands of the Treasurer, JACOB DINGES, at Centre Hall. On all taxes paid to him on or before December 1st, 1877, there will be a deduction of five per centum; on all taxes remaining unpaid for one month after said date, the full amount will be charged, and thereafter an addition of 5 per cent. on all remaining unpaid. BY ORDER OF THE BOARD.
19 oct2m.

The silverware delivered by the National Silver-Plating Co., 704 Chestnut street, Philadelphia, is giving entire satisfaction. All orders are promptly filled, and no one need hesitate about sending them money. —Lutheran Observer. cow4t

All kinds of games for winter amusement, at Welch's Bellefonte.

——The Star Clothing Hall, on corner of Allegheny and Bishop st., is headquarters for every grade of ready made clothing low as in Philadelphia.

A full line of clothing for men and boys, at Boyers, very cheap. 6dec 4t.

SPRING MILLS.

Owing to so much wet weather—it has rained five days in succession,—the roads are awful muddy,—yet it don't scare Capt. Hassen plug a bit, he has as many goods on his porch for samples as many a man has in his store. Still Cap says, "Step in gentlemen and see my goods."

Then we go to the Post office, and oh, what stoves and other things we see, sometimes Harry and sometimes Thomas Hicks—both fine gentlemen, and if they are not there George will attend to your wants, from a stove down to a dipper. All clever fellows.

Then we will go across the new bridge and stop at Mrs. Bell's new store. What lots of pretty things you will see. I hope she won't forget the Reporter is the best paper to advertise in in the county. Just step to the depot and there we find Wallace Duncan heating up his large stove to warm every one who comes in, either on business or out of curiosity, all the same.

In looking around you see lots of coal and plaster. Thomas Jemison has his new house most ready for Alf. Miller to move in.

In going down the back way you see Samuel Leitzel hurrying up his new house A little father on we see I. J. Grenoble's new house going up and across the street we see Mrs. James Leitzle working at her trade fixing up hats and bonnets, and as we come back we see Edward Krumrein busy measuring out coal. A little farther on is the residence of Dr. F. Vanvalzs, it looks natural. Peter Wilson has fixed up his house this fall, it looks nice and tidy—Mr. Wilson knows how to fix up things. Next is I. J. Grenoble's store, which is advertised in your paper and if they read his card they can see what he has for sale.

The people of Potter and Harris township will be glad to hear we have a temporary bridge over Sinking Creek to the depot—no more driving through the water. x

——If you have a friend with a cough or cold, tell him to buy Dr. Bull's Cough Syrup. He will thank you for your advice. The price is only 25 cents.

The regular session of Congress commenced on Monday. Mr. Hayes sent in his message which defends his southern policy and goes for hard-money. There is nothing new or very remarkable in the document.

Picture & Motto Frames, all sizes and styles. A good motto frame with glass for 25 cts, at Welch's Bellefonte.

——We had very cold weather yet fine, some four or five days, up to Wednesday when there was rain.

——Read the card of Nolan & M'Allister, merchant tailors, late of Bellefonte, who have located in this place, and come week recommended.

——Goldberg, at the Star Clothing Hall, corner Bishop and Allegheny st's, Bellefonte, will sell you suits that will suit as to fit and prices. Men and boys can get complete outfits at the lowest possible prices. Clothing guaranteed as represented. Don't fail to give him a call. Now is the time to save money. The Star Clothing Hall is first class in every respect.

TO OUR PATRONS.—To those of our patrons who pay promptly or within a reasonable time, we say, many thanks; and those who owe us for subscription or job work, for a number of years, we would say that we must have money in order to pay current expenses. Everything about a printing office—rent, fuel, insurance, material and labor, *we must pay for in* CASH. The money due us is scattered among several thousand patrons, and if even the half of these refuse, or neglect to pay up promptly we are unable to meet our obligations. It is an unpleasant thing to dun, but we are obliged to do it. Look on your paper and see what you owe—if it is not possible to pay all, be good enough to send us at least some. This is more especially directed to such as are in arrears more than one year.

——Mr. C. C. Conser, formerly of Sugar Valley, has opened a merchant tailoring establishment in the new bank building. Read his card in another column. He has all the experience to give you fits.

A large stock of Steroscopes and Views at greatly reduced prices, at Welch's, Bellefonte.

——All competition in monuments and tombstones has been distanced by Heisler's Marble Works, Bellefonte, where the best and cheapest work is turned out.

——Persons wishing to advertise farms, sales, &c., will bear in mind that we offer to give a MUCH LARGER circulation through the Reporter on this side the county, than any other paper, and will forfit our pay if this is found not correct.

Jurors--1st Monday Dec.

Penn—Wm Wert, Jacob Keen. Gregg—John Taylor, Jonath Condo, Jas Hannah, Jacob Homan, Geo Decker. Benner—S Yearick, John Ishler. Harris—Jno Davis. Spring—Thos Shearer. Huston—C Bullock. Ferguson—Dan Stover, Jno Hoy. Bellefonte—Wm Harper, F Steele, J Miller, Jos Fox, J H Morrison. Boggs—J F Shope, C Adams, J H Wagner, W W Wetzler. Halfmoon—W S Gray, M Elder. Miles—Em Harter. Potter—M Stiver, J D Murray. Howard—J Royer. Snowshoe—G De Garmo. Phillipsburg—S Fleck, W L Harper. Hale—As Weaver. Milesburg—M Glenn. Marion—Ad Yearick. College J I Thompson.

Trial List for 2nd Week of November Term, 1877. Commencing 1st Monday (3rd day) of December.

Roderick F Clow use of vs Derby Coal Co of Pa.
Packer & Packer vs Mann & Confer.
Harper Bros J N Thomas & Co.
Henry R Fiddler vs W K Alexander et al Garnisheres.
Sultzberger & Co vs N Baur et al.
Wm Grove vs Richard Conley.
I J Geary vs Thos Taylor et al.
I Z Long vs H A Merriman et al.
E V Marsh vs W W Spangler.
Wm Shortlidge vs H F Kinsloe.
Wm Campbell & Sons vs E McCormick et al.
J A Cryder vs H W Hoover.
I B Hamilton vs Burnside & Thomas.
John D Lieb vs Wm Meyers.
E R Fargo vs John Kline.
Com of Penna vs M J Dolan et al.
E J Deshler vs Wm G Gann.
Jos Strauss vs R Hayes.
Lock Haven Nat Bk use of vs J A Quigley & Co.
James Gates use of vs C H Kephart.
John Hoy vs Wm Holt et al.
Adam Kreps vs J G & M Packer.
Thos K Henderson vs J H McMonigal et al.
Columbia Dime Savings Bank vs John Ardell.
Cornover Dorff & Co vs A C Hinton.
Com of Pa ex rel vs Jno A Hunter et al.
Jas A Freeman assignee vs John I Rankin.
James Hanna vs Jacob Sankey et al.
J H Thomas use of vs Joseph Shirk.
Hoover & Reese vs G Flegal endorser.

——The best article is always the cheapest—this is a rule that works well in all things. Hence it is that you should always go to Sechler & Co. if you want to get the best and freshest groceries. You can buy first class goods there for the same money that an inferior article will cost you elsewhere.

All colors in two fly Maroon Heading Fringe, Silk Tied, at 30c yd. 6dec 4t.

A Fine Microscope for a few Cents.

A well made, genuine Microscope—not a bit of molded glass in a paper or metal ring, or tube—but one with triple Lenses, Disphragm, Stand etc., is not only useful in every family, but is very interesting. Such instruments have hitherto been too costly for the general public.—The Editors of the American Agriculturalist, in connection with an Optical Manufacturing Company, have, after many experiments and much invention, succeeded in producing a genuine Microscope, with three fine Lenses, Stand etc., which, by use of machinery, and very large manufacture, is now made at far less cost than has ever before been done. Scientific men, and others, say it is decidedly superior to anything ever before offered so low as $2 50; but this one is given to every Subscriber to the American Agriculturalist, who simply adds 40 cents to the regular subscription price that is, the paper is sent one year, with the $1.50 Microscope, for only $2.00. If to be delivered free to any part of the country, 15 cents extra is to be added. A full description and all particulars can be had by sending your address on a Postal Card to Orange Judd Company, New York; or better still, send them 10 cents (half price) for a postpaid sample copy of the paper,—which will give a full description of the Microscope, and also much valuable reading and engravings, etc., and be richly worth far more than its cost.

Bibles! Bibles! Bibles! Bibles! Bibles! For churches, families and Teachers, at Welch's, Bellefonte.

THANKSGIVING DAY IN BELLEFONTE.

Mr. Editor:—I spent this day in Bellefonte and was gratified. In the morning there was a meeting held in the rooms of the Young Men's Christian Association, which consisted of prayers, singing, &c., It was well attended by both sexes and well calculated to impress upon the mind the solemn duties of the day. The society can truly say, "Come with us, and we will do you good."

Between 9 and 10 o'clock the bells of the different churches were rung, giving notice that the duties of the day had arrived. I was invited to attend the Protestant Episcopal church which I accepted. The church is of the Gothic order and makes a handsome appearance from the street. The arrangement of the interior of the church is judicious, deautiful, and comfortable; the pews are handsomely cushioned, floors carpeted, stained glass windows—in the front and back are two memorial windows of stained glass, representing St. John, &c., costing several hundred dollars, donation, as I am informed, of the late Judge J. T. Hale and the late Mrs. Judge James Burnside. There is a fine organ and excellent choir in the church. The church was handsomely decorated with corn, barley, and cereals, fruits and flowers, exhibiting the bounties of Providence in the season passed to the contemplative mind. The sermon commenced with the formulary of that church on occasions of this kind, and they were very impressive. At the close of the services, the pastor, the Rev. Hewitt entered the pulpit and took for his text the 20, 21 and 22 verses of the 8th chapter of Genesis, and delivered an able, eloquent and appropriate discourse; he then returned to the chancel and informed the congregation that the senior warden of the church, as a free-will thanksgiving offering was about and had presented to the church a new building for the residence of the officiating Rector of the church for all time to come, when Mr. Montgomery stepped forward and read a deed from Maj. Wm. F. Reynolds, in fee simple, to the officers of the church and their successors in office. It is a beautiful building, with all the modern improvements, erected under the supervision of Maj Reynolds, and at his own individual cost. The ladies of the church, as their thanksgiving offering, have handsomely and conveniently furnished the house with the very best of furniture and utensils. Services were also held in the Presbyterian church by Rev. Laurie, and in the Methodist church by Rev. Miller and their sermons highly spoken of. Sermons like these referred to, on such an occasion, should be procured and published in the county weeklies, as they certainly would be instructive. The town was as quiet as a Sabbath, no rioting or drunkenness was seen or heard, which speaks well for the morals of Bellefonte. VISITOR.

Matelasse cloaking for ladies at Boyers for $2.75 per yard. Very latest style. 6d 4t

THE LAW OF PUBLIC SALES.—In a sale by auction there are three parties, namely: the owner of the property to be sold, the auctioneer and a portion of the public who attend to bid, which, of course includes the highest bidder. The name of the owner must be made public. The articles put up must be sold without reserve and unless the vender reserves one open bid he cannot bid himself or have the auctioneer or any one bid for him. There are cases on record where a bid was not reserved, and the vender had a bidder who bought it in, and afterwards suit was brought against the vender by the highest outside bidder for the article and it was decided that he (the plaintiff) was the highest bidder and entitled to the article, against the vender. So, also, if an article is struck off to a person, and it is afterwards ascertained that the vender or auctioneer practiced fraud, by holding himself, or had puffers, it was held both by the Courts of England and so repeatedly decided by the supreme Court of Pennsylvania that the purchaser could not be held, but the purchaser as soon as he discovers the fraud practiced upon him must return or tender the articles to the vendor.

Gold Pens, and Pencils at Welch's Bellefonte.

THE DESPAIRING TURKS.

A Fight of Six Hours and a Defeat of the Turkish Forces With Heavy Losses.

London, November 28.—The Daily Telegraph's Pera special contains indications confirmatory of the view that the Turks have almost, if not quite, abandoned the expectation of reaching Plevna with succor. The dispatch says: "There are renewed reports of fighting near Rustchuck, the Turks being the aggressors, but we have no information whether these movements are extensive enough to cause the withdrawl of any forces from Plevna, even if the czarwitch's army were weak, which is denied."

Constantinople, Nov. 28.—Ghazi Mukhtar Pasha telegraphs from Erzeroum, under date of November 26, as follows:

"The Russian Bayazid column is encamped between Zeididan and Karokelissa. Everything indicates that the Russians are preparing to suspend operations and go into winter quarters. Snow has fallen in the mountains to the depth of three feet."

London, Nov., 28.—A Russian official dispatch dated Bogat, says:

"The Turks on Monday morning violently attacked the Twelth corps at Teistruck and Metchka. After six hours severe fighting the Turks were repulsed, and pursued until night.

"The Turkish loss must have been very heavy. The Russian loss numbered 300 including a large number of officers. Simultaneous demonstrations against Polomaria and Kazelovo were repulsed with trifling fighting.

CONUNDRUMS, NEW AND OLD

What is it which, the more it is cut the longer it grows?—A ditch.

What is that which, though always invisible, is never out of sight? The letter I.

What is the only pain of which everyone makes light?—A window pane.

Why is chess a more moral game than cards?—In chess you have two bishops; in cards four knaves.

What is it that by losing an eye has nothing but a nose left?—A noise.

What is it which, if you take away all its letters, remains the same?—A post-man.

Why is a beefsteak like a locomotive on a long journey?—It is not of much account without its tender.

What does a captain do at sea when he gets out of fresh eggs?—He lays to.

Why is a four-quart measure like a lady's side-saddle?—Because it just holds a gallon.

Why is the first chicken in a brood like the foremast of a ship?—Because it comes just before the main hatch.

Why is paper money more valuable than gold?—When you put it in your pocket you double it, and when you take it out you find it still in creases.

When Apollo dipped the god Pan into the sea, what did he come out?—A dripping-pan.

Why is a man looking for the philosopher's stone like Neptune?—Because he is a seeking (seaking) what never was.

What is the difference between Noah's ark and an archbishop?—One was a high ark and the other is a hierarch (higher ark).

Why is a novel-writer the most peculiar of animals?—Because his tail comes out of his head.

What metamorphosis does a laundress undergo during the night?—She goes to bed a washerwoman and in the morning gets up fine linen.

Do not buy the old style Roll fringe when you can get the two fly fringe at Boyers for 30c yard. 6dec 4t

C. C. CONSER.

MERCHANT TAILOR.
In Bank Building, Centre Hall.

Would respectfully announe to the citizens of this vicinity that he has taken rooms in above building where he is prepared to do all kinds of work belonging to his line, for men and boys, and according to latest styles. Goods sold by sample. Having had nine years experience he guarantees all work to render perfect satisfaction, and solicits a share of the public patronage. 6decy

NOLAN & M'ALISTER,

MERCHANT TAILORS,
Centre Hall, Pa.

Business stand upstairs in the building formerly occupied by the Centre Reporter.

Will furnish gentlemen with clothing, made to order, of the best material that can be bought in Philadelphia or New York. Long experience in the business at Bellefonte enables them to turn out first class work in all respects. 6dec3m

GET READY

FOR WINTER!!

IF YOU WANT THE VERY BEST

AND CHEAPEST

PARLOR STOVES,

Buy the

"Laurel Wreath."

(Single or DOUBLE HEATERS.)

These stoves have TWO ROWS of lights, shaking and dumping grate, arranged to clean out the clinkers. No danger from gas, no parts to burn out, so as to let gas into the upper room. We make THREE SIZES of Single and TWO SIZES of Double Heaters of these justly popular Stoves.

IF YOU WANT THE VERY BEST

AND CHEAPEST

Cooking Stoves,

BUY THE

"ZENITH,"

Double Oven Range; or the

"Economy,"

Single Oven Range.

They are the best in the market, have SIX BOILER HOLES, shaking and dumping grate, APPLY THE HEAT TO ALL THE BOILERS AT ONCE. The oven is large and square, the doors tin-lined. The PLATES ARE HEAVY, unlike the light plates of city stoves—COMPARE THEM. We make a No. 8 and No. 9 of both these ranges.

All these stoves are WARRANTED, and you can get repairs from the Manufactory in one day.

For Sale by

J. A. REESMAN, CentreHall.
J. B. FISHER, Penn Hall.
SNOOK. SMITH & CO., Millheim.
G. R. SPIGELMYER, Woodward,

Manufactured by the

SLIFER, WALLS & SHRINER M'f'g Co.

LEWISBURG, PA.

We also manufacture the Celebrated *BUCKEYE REAPER & MOWER*, KEYSTONE CLOVER HULLER, COLE'S UNIVERSAL SULKY CULTIVATOR, New Model, Centre Draft, HORSE DUMPING HAY RAKE, HOOSIER GRAIN DRILL, BUCKEYE LEVER CORN SHELLER, Plows, Land Rollers, etc. 29nov

HARDWARE & STOVES.

THOMAS A. HICKS & BRO.

We have a very large and complete stock of Hardware, the largest that was ever before offered by any firm to the people of this county, and are selling at the very lowest possible rates

Iron, Steel and Nails, Locks, Glass and Putty.

Pure White Leads and Linseed Oil; Turpentines and Varnishes, all which we warrant to give satisfaction. Our Pure Lead will cover as much surface as any in the market and cannot be excelled for whiteness. READY MIXED PAINT put up in any quantity to suit people, from one-pound cans to one gallon cans, all ready for use. These paints we warrant to be mixed with pure lead and oil, and are free from all adulteration.

MECHANICS' TOOLS.—We pay special attention to this branch, and keep a full line of Saws, Chisels, Hammers and Bailey's Iron Planes; Horse nails of all kinds, Trace Chains, Hames, Etc. FULL LINE OF SADDLERY OF ALL DESCRIPTIONS. COACH WOOD WORK.—Spokes, Felloes, Patent Wheels of the most improved patents; Mrs. Potts' Improved Flat Irons, cheap, convenient and durable—polished and nickel-plated. Johnston's Prepared Kalsomine; put up in 6-pound packages; easily put on, and cheaper than paper. We have all colors.

STOVES.

We have the only Reversible, Top-plate Cooking Stoves in the market. The Keystone, Susquehanna and Juniata, which we warrant to be the best bakers and the heaviest stoves in the market, we will sell at the very lowest price and give written guarantees. Also all kinds of hanges and other stoves. COME AND SEE OUR KEYSTONE COOK STOVE; IT IS THE HANDSOMEST IN THE WORLD.

A fine lot of Pocket knives and Scissors at Welch's, Bellefonte.

LAST NOTICE.—Persons owing state and county tax, on duplicate in my hands, are hereby notified that if tax is not paid until January court, next, the same will be placed in the hands of a Justice for collection. GEO. KOCH,
Collector for Potter.

——A new golden tongue organ, warranted, offered very low, for half cash and half trade. Apply at this office.

Boys' Tool chests, very cheap at Welch's Bellefonte.

BE THOROUGH.—If you want to succeed in life, be thorough in your work whatever it is. It is sometimes convenient to be a Jack-of-all-trades, but it is always profitable to be master of one. A workman who thoroughly understands his business is seldom in danger of coming to want. While the mass of the inefficient suffer, the few who do the best work, whether men or women, are always sought for.

DEATHS.

On 4, near Centre Hall, Mrs. Rebecca Flory, aged near 72 years.

In Camden, N. J., after a lingering illness, Mr. John D. Mooney.

Spring Mills Market.

White Wheat, 1 35.
Red " 1 35.
Rye, 50c.
Corn, ears, per bu. new, .40c
Oats, 25c.
Buckwheat, 75c.
Cloverseed $5 00.
Chop, per ton, $23.00.
Plaster, ground per ton, $10.00
Eggs per doz., 20c.
Coal, Egg, per ton, $4.50.
" Stove, 4.50.
" Chestnut, 4.25.
" Pea, 3.00.

BELLEFONTE MARKETS.—by Shortlidge & Co.

Flour per barrel, wholesale, $ 7 50.
" retail, $8 00.
White wheat, 1 35.
Red " 1 35.
Rye, 55.
Corn, shelled, 50
Corn, cob, 40.
Oats, 25.
Barley, rye weight, 55.
Cloverseed $4 per 64 pounds.
Potatoes retail, 30
Nova Scotia plaster, ground, 10 00.
Cayuga " $9 00.
Potatoes, 25.
Onions, 50c.
Butter, per lb., 22c.
Lard,
Bacon, sides, 10c.
" shoulders, 10c.
" Hams, 14c.
Tallow, 7c.
Rags, 2c.

SPRING MILLS

Grain Warehouse & Coal Yard.

H. KRUMREINE & SON.

New Warehouse now ready for the reception of grain, and the

Highest Cash Price Paid

Highest Cash Price Paid for all kinds of

Grain and Seed.

Grain and Seed.

COAL!

Chestnut, Small Stove, Lump, Pea, and Lime burners Coal always on hand at LOWEST PRICES. Also

Ground Plaster & Salt.

Hides! Hides!

Bring your hides and receive the best market price in cash for them. 6 dec. 3 m.

Spring Mills Hotel.

GEO. C. BREON, Prop'r.

This hotel gives accommodation to travellers second to none in the county. The stables are large, roomy and attended by careful hostlers. Long experience as a landlord enables the proprietor to make his guests feel at home all the time. dec6

IMPORTANT TO TRAVELERS.

—THE—

BUSH HOUSE!

BELLEFONTE, PA.

Has been recently thoroughly renovated and repaired, and under the management of the New Proprietor, Mr. F. D. McCOLLUM, formerly of Pittsburg, is first-class in all its appointments.

SPECIAL INDUCEMENTS

Are offered to those in attendance at court and others remaining in town for a few days at a time.

The largest and most superbly Designed Hotel in Central Pennsylvania.

All modern conveniences. Go try the Bush house.

19ap F. D. McCOLLUM, Proprietor.

WANTED to cure a case of Catarrh in each neighborhood, with Dr. Kanser's Remedy, to introduce it. Sample free. J. C. Tilton, Pittsburg, Pa. 29 nov. 1 m.

DO NOT ATLOW THE FROGS TO BE PARED.

The frog of the foot of every horse is the natural support of the foot, and should never be cut away except to remove the rough edges which occasionally appear from common wear. At a late meeting of the farriers and horseshoers in Wilmington, Del., there was a great deal said in condemnation of the manner in which horses are shod, especially in the rural districts. A lecturer, a veterinary surgeon (according to the New York Herald), said that "the frog of the foot was often pared away so artistically to make a neat job that the tendon or muscle that extended down the leg, over what is known as the pulley bone, and gave the foot its motion, was often injured, and then the horse would be weak in the legs, and blunder. He severely characterized the habit of burning the hoof with a red hot shoe to make it fit, and said there ought to be a law passed to hang any blacksmith who would use red hot shoes in this way. The shoe should be fitted to the shape of the foot, rather than the foot fitted to the shoe."

CORN AND HOGS.—From carefully conducted experiments by different persons, it has been ascertained that one bushel of corn will make a little more than ten pounds of pork, gross. Taking the result as a basis, the following deductions are made, which all farmers would do well to lay by for a convenient reference, that:

when corn sells at 12½ cents per bushel, pork costs 1¼ cents per pound.
when corn costs 17 cents per bushel, pork costs 2 cents per pound.
when corn costs 25 cents per bushel, pork costs 3 cents per pound
when corn costs 33 cents per bushel, pork costs 4 cents per pound.
when corn costs 50 cents per bushel, pork costs 5 cents per pound.

The following statements show what the farmer realizes on his corn when sold in the terms of pork:

When pork sells at 3 cents per pound it brings 25 cents per bushel in corn.

When pork sells at 4 cents per pound it brings 32 cents per bushel in corn.

When pork sells at 5 cents per pound it brings 45 cents per bushel in corn.

DISTURBANCE OF PUBLIC MEETINGS.—The following is the text of the law in reference to the disturbance of public meetinfis, which might be read occasionally by many young men who show their bad breeding while attending some of our churches:

"If any person shall willfully and maliciously disturb or interrupt any society, assembly or congregation convened for the purpose of religious worship or for any moral, social, literary, scientific, agricultural or floral object, ceremony, lecture, examination, or exhibition, such shall on conviction be sentenced to pay a fine not exceeding fifty dollars, suffer imprisonment not exceeding three months, or both, or either, at the discretion of the court."

NEW MILLINERY AND FANCY GOODS STORE AT POTTER'S MILLS.

Mrs. Anna M. Weaver takes pleasure in announcing to the people of Potters Mills and vicinity, that she will open a new and fresh

STOCK OF FANCY GOODS,

in connection with a Millinery Store, on Saturday, Oct 20th. A full line of choice and fashionable goods always on hand at popular prices.

Dressmaking in all its branches will be a prominent feature of the business. 11oct3m

COBURN AND SPRING MILLS.

—:o:— —:o:— —:o:—

MOTZ & SNOOK.

Coburn Station.

Wholesale and RETAIL DEALERS

IN

"ALL KINDS OF GRAIN:"

WHEAT, RYE, OATS, CORN, CLOVERSEED, &c., &c.

Coal, Plaster and Salt

DELIVERED AT SPRING MILLS,

by the Car load, and at wholesale and retail at Coburn station.

Highest Cash Price Paid For Grain.

COAL SOLD AT THE LOWEST POSSIBLE PRICES.

1oct 3m MOTZ & SNOOK.

100,000 Copies of ST. NICHOLAS. For the

Christmas Holidays,

Only 25 Cents a Copy.

Some idea of the attractions offered in the Christmas Holiday Number of St. Nicholas, of which 100,000 copies will be issued, may be gained from the following: There are poems by Henry W. Longfellow and William Cullen Bryant; a fine hitherto unpublished sketch of Boy Life, by the Late Theodore Winthrop; and a short story by the author of "Alice In Wonderland," a new fairy story, "Sweet Majoram Day," by Frank R Stockton, "The Peterkins' charade," by Lucretia P. Hale; a poetic riddle by Dr. J. G. Holland, and a comparison between the manners of young folks in old times and nowadays, by Gail Hamilton.

Of the story element, the brightest feature is the beginning of the new serial by Miss Alcott, "Under the Lilacs," with illustrations by Mary Halleck Foote.

The Christmas Numberlcontains also the opening of a new Serial Story for Boys, a tale of tropical life, by Gustavus Frankenstein, entitled "Tower-Mountain," admirable illustrated by the artists Moran and Kelly; A Portrait of Miss Alcott, with a sketch of her life; several poems by Two Little American Girls; a Play, and a Christmas Carol (set to music); and half a dozen complete short stories, bright, funny, exciting and pathetic, &c., &c.

The new Cover is by the English Artist, Walter Crane,—the famous designer of "The Baby Opera."

ST. NICHOLAS FOR 1878,

Besides Miss Alcott's serial for Girls, and the three serials for Boys, to follow each other in rapid succession, will contain a short serial story by the Author of "The Schenbergcotta Family;" and an article, "Around The World in a Yacht, Boys!" has been promised by a brilliant writer, now on the actual tour of the world in his own yacht. There will be contributions by a Daughter of the Famous Peter Parley, and a Letter to Young Americans by GEORGE MACDONALD.

The "HOW" Series of instructive papers, by various authors, will tell HOW to bind your own books; HOW they mine coal; HOW to enjoy yourself at home; HOW to be an agreeable guest; HOW to entertain company; HOW to be a carpenter; HOW to make an ice-boat; HOW to build a house; HOW India Rubber is gathered; HOW matches are made; HOW money is made; HOW mackerel are caught; HOW they laid the Atlantic cable; HOW they mine in California; HOW they work in the tea-country; HOW to be a parlor magician; etc. There will be also a series of stories and sketches of Foreign Life.

Travel and Adventure, such as "Old Nicolas" (a Russian story), "A Day among the Welsh Castles," "Easter in Germany," "The Indians of the Amazon," "How Kitty was Lost in a Turkish Bazaar," "Master Montezuma" (a Mexican story), "Hansa, the Lapp Maiden," alid many others.

"Jack-in-the-Pulpit," "Young Contributors' Department," "Letter Box," "Riddle Box," and "For Very Little Folks," will be continued.

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November.

When thistle-blows do lightly float
About the pasture-height,
And shrills the hawk a parting note,
And creeps the frost at night,
Then hilly ho! though singing so,
And whistle as I may,
There comes again the old heart pain
Through all the livelong day.

In high wind creaks the leafless tree
And nods the fading fern;
The knolls are dun as snow-clouds be,
And cold the sun does burn.
Then ho, hollo! though calling so,
I cannot keep it down;
And tears arise unto my eyes,
And thoughts are chill and brown.

Far in the cedars' dusky stoles,
Where the sere ground-vine weaves,
The partridge drums funeral rolls
Above the fallen leaves.
And hip, hip, ho! though cheering so,
It stills no whit the pain;
For drip, drip, drip, from bare branch-tip,
I hear the year's last rain.

So drive the cold cows from the hill,
And call the wet sheep in;
And let their stamping clatter fill
The barn with warming din.
And ho, folk, ho! though it is so
That we no more may roam,
We still will find a cheerful mind
Around the fire at home!

—*Atlantic Monthly.*

Diamond Cut Diamond.

A GRANDFATHER'S STORY.

About sixty years ago I was in Paris for the first time in my life. Bonaparte still lingered at St. Helena; and the adventurers, good, bad and indifferent in character, who had served in his armies, had not yet lost all hope of the return of their idol, and consequently had not yet thought it worth while to settle down into thorough peace and quietness.

Young Paul Ferrand, whom I frequently met at the cafe, and who had served as a captain at Waterloo, was sure that the Little Corporal would come back again soon. "You have not yet beaten him," he would tell me laughing. "You sent him to Elba, but he returned; you have sent him to St. Helena, and he will return again. We shall see."

Ferrand was an exceedingly nice fellow; and although he professed to cherish an unquenchable hatred for England and everything English, he had, by some means or other, become attached to Alice Rae, a young English lady of my acquaintance, and who had been living with her mother since the conclusion of peace at Paris, not far from the abode of the ex-captain. And he was always very friendly with me too. He would, it is true, abuse my countrymen most unmercifully; but he was always particularly good-natured, and whenever he found himself saying a little too much he would arrest himself and apologize so heartily that I never could be angry with him. I was alone in the French capital, and had few friends there except Mrs. Rae, her daughter Alice, and Paul; and so it happened that I passed a good deal of my time in the society of the three. The mother, a woman still in the prime of life, and the widow of a king's messenger, was a connection of mine by marriage, and that fact gave me a good excuse for offering my services as escort whenever she and her pretty daughter thought fit to go to the theatre or the opera. At such times Paul always had a seat in the stalls; and between the acts he would come up to my box, to the delight of Alice, who was in love with him, and to the no small satisfaction of Mrs. Rae, who herself had quite a maternal affection for the young Frenchman, and did not in the least discourage his attentions to her daughter. If there were no formal engagement between the two, it was at least perfectly understood by all parties that as soon as Paul should get an appointment, for which at the time he was a candidate, he was to marry Alice; and I, though only a few years her senior, was to give her away.

One night the opera house was crowded more than usual. A great singer was to appear, and a new work by a renowned composer was to be performed. But Paul Ferrand, sitting in the stalls, seemed scarcely to listen to the music or to notice the acting; and much more often were his eyes turned in the direction of my box than in that of the stage. Alice and her mother were with me, and as the curtain fell at the conclusion of the first act Paul came up to us. He was in high spirits, for he had heard that the minister had decided to give him the coveted post, and he expected to hear in a few days that his appointment had been signed by the king. We congratulated him, and as he left us to return to his seat I whispered to him: "You'll be a happy man in a month or two now, Paul." He smiled and shut the door.

We watched him as he threaded his way to his place. It was in the centre of the second row from the orchestra, and he had left his opera-glasses on the chair in order to preserve his right to it; but during his absence a tall, military-looking man had appropriated it, and had coolly put the glasses on one side. Paul approached the stranger with the utmost politeness, and, I suppose, for naturally I could not hear, requested him to move. The interloper did not deign to answer, but sneeringly looked up at Ferrand, as though to ask him what he meant by his intrusion. Paul pointed to the opera-glasses, but the stranger neither replied nor moved, but continued to appear as though he did not hear. I saw that matters were assuming a dangerous complexion, for in the new-comer I recognized Victor Laroquiere, an ex-Bonapartist officer like Paul, a notorious bully, and one of the most celebrated duellists in France. But what could I do? I could only sit still, much against my will, and witness the inevitable consequences. I thought Alice would faint when Laroquiere in the calmest way rose before the crowded assemblage and struck Paul in the face with his glove; but she recovered herself, and like a statue watched her lover pick up his opera-glasses, bow to his insulter, and, without a word, leave the building. There were some exclamations from the audience; but the duellist again rose, and with a theatrical air gazed round, mockingly imitating Paul's parting bow, and resumed his seat. This was too much for poor Alice. She could not remain any longer; she must go home; and so, with some difficulty, I got her and her mother in my carriage, told the coachman to drive them home, and myself walked quickly to Paul's lodgings.

He had arrived before me, and was already writing when I entered his room. "Of course," he said, as he saw me, and came towards me with both hands outstretched, "you, my dear friend, will assist me. It is impossible to do anything but fight. Even Alice could not make me alter my conviction upon that point, the insult was so public."

"Suppose you leave the country," I suggested.

"Then I should have to give up the appointment, and Alice, too. No, my dear fellow, I am a Frenchman, and I must fight. If he shoots me, it cannot be helped; if I shoot him, I shall have shot the greatest scoundrel in Paris. I beg you to call upon Laroquiere to-night. I have already discovered his address. Here it is."

"But must you really fight? It is suicide to fight with a professional duellist."

"Ah," he said, shaking his head, "I am afraid it is suicide; but I must fight! so please don't try and persuade me that I need not. And I will fight, too, as soon as possible. You can arrange everything for to-morrow morning. I must have the matter over. In a day or two I might be a coward."

By his looks he implored me to go to Laroquiere, and, constituted as French society was at that time, I had no other course open to me, than to do as he wished.

"If Monsieur comes from M. Paul Ferrand," said a man-servant when I inquired whether I could see his master, "M. Laroquiere has sent to say that he has not yet left the opera. He has, however, sent this penciled note, which I am to give to the gentleman who comes from M. Ferrand."

I tore open the missive. It contained two cards, one bearing the name of the duelist, and the second that of M. Fernand Delaraie, Rue Vivienne 18. Certainly it was an off-hand way of acquainting me with the name and whereabouts of Laroquiere's second, but as I wished to pick no quarrel, I walked on to the Rue Vivienne, and in a few minutes was ushered into the presence of M. Delaraie himself. This worthy was a young man, aged about three-and-twenty, and dressed in the very extreme of fashion. His ruffles were immaculate, and most symmetrically arranged; his face handkerchief was steeped in essences; his gloves, which lay on the table—for he had only just returned, at Laroquiere's request, from the opera—were small and delicate; his fingers were covered with valuable rings, and the bunch of gold seals depending from his fob was unusually heavy and brilliant. He did not strike me as appearing particularly warlike; but, nevertheless, after formally saluting me, he at once touched upon the object of my visit, and before I had been ten minutes in his company had arranged to meet Ferrand and myself at a certain spot, dear to duelists of the time, and to bring Laroquiere with him.

"I don't think we shall need a surgeon," he said to me quite affably at parting; "but if you please you can bring one. In his last affair my principal shot his man through the temples, and he died immediately. I sincerely hope, Monsieur, that your friend is as clever."

"Confound the fellow," I said to myself as I left the house and sought the residence of my own medical man. "I am afraid poor Ferrand is not such a consummate murderer as Laroquiere."

After seeing the surgeon, to whom I briefly explained matters, I called upon Mrs. Rae. She was doing her best to comfort her daughter, who was in the greatest possible distress. "Are they going to fight?" she asked me.

"My dear Alice," I said, "they are. I have done my best to dissuade Paul, but he says, and I am obliged to agree, that he must fight. Let us hope for the best. He has a sure eye and a steady hand, and he has right on his side. The other man is a scoundrel. And you must remember that poor Paul is not an Englishman. If I were he, I would not fight; but as it is, the matter cannot be overlooked, and indeed everything is arranged."

"You are to be with him?" said Mrs. Rae, looking as white as a sheet.

"Yes; they are to meet to-morrow morning, and by breakfast time Alice's suspense will be over. She must bear up."

"You must prevent the duel," sobbed the half heart-broken girl. "Cannot Paul let the insult pass? But no, it was so public."

"You can only hope," I said. "I will see you in the morning; but now I must go back to him and see that he gets some sleep."

"Tell him," cried Alice, "that if he is killed I shall die. Come here directly it is over. Come even if he falls; you must tell me about it. I must hear everything." She buried her face in her hands; and I, escaping from the unr happy girl, hurried to Paul.

He was still writing, and his hair was in disorder, and his face pale when he turned towards me. "I am no coward," he said, "but I am saying good-bye to her, for I shall die to-morrow."

"My dear fellow," I exclaimed, "you will shoot Laroquiere, and be married next month. You must finish your writing at once and go to bed. I will sleep here to-night, for I must see that you turn out in time to-morrow morning; so be as quick as possible."

He wrote for another half hour, addressed the document to Alice Rae, placed a lock of his hair within it, and after sealing it up gave it to me.

"Give that to her," he said, "if Laroquiere kills me outright—and I know he will. If it were not for Alice I declare that I should be quite glad to meet him. Now for bed."

He undressed, whilst I lay down on the sofa in the next room and lit a cigar, for I could not afford to sleep myself. Soon all was quiet, and I stole in to see Paul, lying as quiet as a child, with a smile on his face. Probably, nay, assuredly, I passed a more uncomfortable night than he did. Only with the greatest possible difficulty could I keep awake, and the hours seemed to linger for ever. At last, however, daylight dawned, and I called Fearand, who awoke refreshed and in comparatively good spirits. After a hurried breakfast we muffled ourselves up, and sallied forth in the cold morning air. Scarcely any one was abroad, except a few sleepy watchmen, who seemed to make very shrewed guesses at the object of our expedition; and through the silent streets we went for a mile or so, until we reached the meeting-place.

Laroquiere and Delarie were there before us, and my friend, the surgeon, arrived immediately afterwards in his carriage, which waited near at hand. The pistols were produced and loaded. Laroquiere chose one, and I gave the other to Paul; and then the two men took up positions at a distance of twenty paces from each other, and waited for Delaraie to give the signal to fire.

"Stay!" cried the bully, as his second stepped back; "let the young hound listen to this. I am not trifling with him; I shall shoot him only where he wishes, for I am generous, parbleu!"

"If I do not kill you," said Paul quietly, "I prefer to die."

"Then I shoot him through the heart," coolly observed Laroquiere. "It will teach others not to challenge me."

There was something to me unspeakably horrible in the way in which these last words were pronounced. I shuddered, and looked at Paul. He smiled at me, and at the same instant Delarie gave the signal.

There was but one report for Ferrend's pistol flashed in the pan. The poor fellow turned round towards me with fixed eye and pale face, and with the name of Alice on his lips fell dead. Laroquiere turned on his heel and departed quickly, in company with Delaraie, while I aided the surgeon in his brief examination of Paul's body. Surely enough, the bullet had passed through his heart. He must have died instantaneously for he did not move after he fell, and the last smile which he had looked at me was still upon his face. It was a melancholy business in every respect. I had to break the sad news to Alice and her mother, and the two ladies were so terribly overcome that I feared the shock would have some permanent effect upon their health. For my part I was obliged to hurry to England as soon as possible; and Laroquiere, I heard, also got away, and remained out of France until the affair had blown over.

I kept up a correspondence with Mrs. Rae, and was glad after a time to hear from her that Alice, though still terribly upset, had learned to look with a certain amount of philosophy upon her misfortune, and had to some extent recovered her usual health, if not her usual spirits. Meantime I settled down in London, and unable to forget my Parisian habits, usually dined at one of the then much-frequented taverns in Fleet street. The Cheshire Cheese, which was then in much the same state as it is now, was my favorite haunt; and there as months passed by, I gradually picked up a few pleasant acquaintances, chief among whom was an extremely well-mannered young gentleman named Barton, a man of independent means, good family and first-rate education.

One day after he had been dining with me the conversation turned upon Continental manners and particularly upon duelling. As an illustration of my abhorrence of the system I told my companion about Paul's death, a matter in which Barton appeared much interested. He asked me a good many questions about the parties concerned, and after expressing a remarkably strong opinion to the effect that Laroquiere was a blackguard, bid me good-night. I went home to my rooms in the Temple; and next day, on visiting the Cheshire Cheese, found no Barton. He had left word with one of the waiters that urgent business had called him away, but that he hoped to see me on his return. Weeks passed, and then months, and still Barton did not come back; and I confess that I had begun to forget him altogether, when one evening he dropped into dinner as though he had not been absent for more than a day or two.

"Where have you been?" I asked, after I had heartily shaken hands with him.

"I have been to Paris," he said. "On arriving there I found out a little more than you told me about Laroquiere, and when I had thoroughly convinced myself that he was the blackguard you painted him I arranged for a series of lessons at a pistol gallery. Every day for a month I went and shot for an hour or two, until I was so perfect as to hit a small coin every time at a distance of twenty paces. After satisfying myself as to my proficiency I took a box at the opera. It may have been the same box that you used to have. Laroquiere was pointed out to me. He sat in the stalls, and between the acts he left his seat in order to speak to a lady in another part of the house. I descended as quickly as possible and took his place. He returned, and asked me in an overbearing tone to move. I refused. He persisted. I struck him. He sent me a challenge, and we met upon the same spot, curiously enough, where he had killed your friend Ferrand. Before the signal was given, I said: 'M. Laroquiere, listen to me. I am not here to trifle with you; but I am as generous as you were with Paul Ferrand. I will shoot you only were you wish.' He turned deadly pale. 'We will see,' he said, 'whether I shall not make you a second Ferrand!' 'Then I will shoot you,' I returned, 'as you shot him—through the heart. It will teach other bullies not to challenge me.' Whether he was so upset as to be incapable of aiming or not, I cannot say; but, my dear fellow, I shot him as dead as a dog, right through the heart, and avenged your friend, at the same time ridding Paris of its biggest villain. It was a case of diamond cut diamond."

"Well done, Barton!" I exclaimed.

"Wait," he said, "and let me finish the drama. We managed to keep the matter very quiet, and before leaving France I was able to call on Mrs. Rae, who is now at Boulogne, for I had a letter of introduction to her from a Parisian acquaintance. When I saw her first she knew nothing of the affair, but at last I broke the intelligence to her and to her daughter. I found Alice to be a pretty girl, somewhat spoiled by her long mourning and not very much inclined to listen to me; but, my dear fellow, after threew eeks of hard persuasion she gave in, and now she and her mother are coming over next week. I believe you were to give Alice away. When she arrives you shall have a capital opportunity."

"And," I added, shaking my friend's hand warmly, "I shall be delighted to do so."

Osman Pasha at Plevna.

An English war correspondent with the Turkish army at Plevna writes: I may also inform the Russians of their bad aim and miserable shells in regard to another battery, namely, one immediately north of the headquarters camp. I was near the only two guns it held for some hours, during which it was blazed at by eighteen or twenty Russian pieces of artillery. About five o'clock in the evening a piece of shell cut one man's cheek open, and he rode away to have it sewn up, being stopped en route by Osman Pasha, who called him a "brave fellow." That was all the harm the little two-gun battery suffered. It was scarcely nine o'clock when Osman Pasha moved under the lee of the second line of defense a division of infantry and some Circassians, thinking that possibly the Russians might "come on," in which case his infantry would "come out," too. Then he sent some batteries out of the reserve to sundry spots where they could be nicely masked, placed others in good concealed positions, and so calmly awaited the worst the Russians could do.

I use the word "calmly," but I really cannot find one to express the demeanor of this very remarkable man. Looking after everything himself, for he trusts to nobody, even the supplies of ammunition, the commissariat stores, and the medicines; receiving telegrams and messages from every part of the field continually, and the while engaged in trying to outmanœuvre a numerous and wily enemy, he sat on a little stool, with a lead pencil behind his ear sometimes, and sometimes stuck under the edge of his fez, with his field glasses in his hand and a cigarette in his mouth, as cool and collected as though he had been listening to a lecture on the Arctic regions with physical illustrations. I could not but admire Osman, commanding nearly 60,000 men in a most complex situation; he never for a moment spoke unkindly hastily, maintaining his extraordinary coolness throughout the thirteen hours of the battle without an instant's change. Ready with a little joke now and then, always thoughtful, even to the point of sending to me and M. Victor Louie a cup of coffee at four o'clock in the afternoon, when we breakfasted, Osman Pasha furnishes a very good reason for the fear in which the Russians hold him.

A Skillful Equine Operation.

Edging around in front of the animal the reporter saw that sure enough a tube had been inserted in the windpipe midway between the head and shoulders, through the opening of which the horse was inhaling and exhaling oxygen with all the force and capacity of a blacksmith's bellows. A little inquiry elicited the facts from Mr. Woodin. The horse (a fine large black) had formerly been used as a 'bus horse for the Bellows House in Rock Island. Some two months ago the animal had a violent attack of epizootic—so severe, indeed, that the larynx, or opening of the windpipe, had been swollen shut, and the horse seemed likely to die of suffocation. He was then taken to Matt. Fisher's stables, in Davenport, where a veterinary surgeon cut the windpipe as described and inserted a siphon-shaped silver tube about six inches in length, through which the animal obtained his allowance of air. The tube has a thin facing, to which the straps are attached which keep it in place. The horse does not suffer the least inconvenience from the arrangement, and is as full of life as ever. It will be seen that by this mode of treatment all strain is removed from the obstructed larynx, leaving it in the best possible shape for doctoring. As soon as the swelling subsides and the natural passage is again open, the tube will be removed, the hole sewed up and the horse is himself again. As we have said the horse was used at the Bellows House before his sickness, but when Mr. Jarvis, the present proprietor, took charge, he shipped the animal down to his Island Farm, in exchange for one that was sound, which accounts for the presence of the horse on our streets, and consequently for this item.—*Muscatine Iowa) Tribune.*

A Remarkable Curiosity.

A correspondent of an English paper, writing from South Africa, describes a visit to a remarkable curiosity, near Christians, a Transvaal border town: Saaron, sometimes called Zoutspan, is a large stretch of ground about fifteen miles from Christians, on the sides of an extensive salt pan, which on my approach presented a remarkable appearance. All the water had dried up, and the snow-white salt glistening in the moonlight over an extent of ground 1,500 metres in diameter each way had a most bewildering effect, as I took bearings carefully and rode right over it. The incrustations of the sides resemble in taste nitre and soda, but the surface of the pan was a thick layer of pure salt. The following day a succession of whirlwinds careened over the pan, carrying upwards to a height of seventy or eighty yards large quantities of loose salt, which was perfectly defined in the shape of revolving white pillars.

A particularly high-toned Chicago drummer, who prides himself on his charms, forever lost his pride the other day. He drove his fellow-drummers wild in a car by his attentions to a comely maiden, to whom he showed his samples and whose hand he squeezed for half an hour. But when the train stopped a quiet old fellow stepped forward and thanked him for entertaining the girl, remarking: "She is hopelessly insane, and I am taking her to the State asylum here."

NEWS SUMMARY.

Eastern and Middle States.

Henry Hausmann, residing in Chrystie street, New York, come home from work, and after a customary scene of domestic violence with his wife with whom he had been in the habit of quarreling, he went down stairs and drank several glasses of wine. Returning to his home he sent out for some beer and renewed the altercation with his wife. Suddenly he entered the bedroom, where his three bright and attractive children were, and fired a shot at each, killing Martha, aged six years, mortally wounding Adam, a boy of four, and seriously wounding his oldest boy, John, nine years old. The father then shot himself twice in the breast, inflicting wounds from which he cannot recover. In his statement to the coronor Hausmann said that he had been married eleven years, that the first five years he lived happily with his wife, but that during the past six years existence had been made miserable to him by her excessive drinking.

Mrs. Eveline Stuart, who was married abou six months ago, and resided with her husband in a fashionable hotel on Fifth avenue, New York, became despondent on account of her husband's dissipation, and committed suicide by taking laudanum.

Miss Bertha Von Hillern, a female pedestrian, walked 100 miles inside of twenty-eight hours at Philadelphia.

An agent of the Russian government has been negotiating with a Philadelphia bridge company to build a bridge across the Danube. The price offered was $8,600,000.

While acting as a scorer at a shooting match at Albany, N. Y., Charles Clapper was accidentally shot through the heart by Dr. J. V. Lansing.

The ocean steamer City of Brussels, while entering New York harbor, ran into and sank the schooner Alexander Young, bound to New York from Philadelphia and laden with coal. Two sailors on the schooner were drowned, and the rest of the crew had a narrow escape from a similar fate.

An examination of the accounts of the First National Bank of Hightstown, N. J., showed a deficiency of over $2,000, chargeable to the cashier, W. H. Howell, who was dismissed on his return from New York, where he had gone on a spree.

Two seven-story buildings on West Twenty-ninth street, New York, were destroyed by fire and a loss of over $100,000 was thereby incurred.

An explosion of fire damp occurred in one of the chambers of the Jermyn mine at Scranton, Pa., and the miners in the vicinity were thrown in every direction, while carts a quarter of a mile off were overturned. Six miners were hurled over thirty feet and were terribly injured.

Mrs. Eliza Millar, of New York, claims the John Young estate, consisting of 119,000 acres of land in Virginia, West Virginia and Kentucky, as well as valuable property in Philadelphia and Alexandria, Va., altogether valued at $30,000,000, and has signed documents preparatory to bringing suit for the recovery of the estate.

Intense excitement was caused in Reading, Pa., by the suspension of its three savings banks—the Reading, the Penn and the banking house of Bushong & Bro., and the Dime Savings Bank. All three institutions closed their doors to the public within a few hours of one another.

James Savage, of Belgrade Depot, Me., killed his wife while intoxicated.

Two parties in Trenton, N. J., are fiercely opposed to each other on the question whether or not the street cars shall be run on Sundays, and the matter will probably have to be submitted to the people at a special election.

The works of the Meriden Screw Company at Meriden, Conn., were entirely destroyed by fire. Loss, $25,000; insurance, $12,350.

A number of striking cigar makers of New York have been ejected from their houses, which were owned by their employers.

The Chinese in New York are said to be bringing to that city the revolting disease known as leprosy. One Chinaman afflicted with this terrible scourge was found lying on a bed of straw in Baxter street. He presented a horrifying appearance, his body being covered with ulcers and sores from the crown of his head to the soles of his feet. He stated that he had caught the disease in San Francisco, where it prevailed to a large extent among his countrymen, and that its loathsome effects could not be stayed by any known remedy.

A fire at Fall River, Mass., totally destroyed Borden Mill No. 1, a cotton mill containing 36,000 spindles and employing 450 operatives. It was insured for about $469,000.

The building occupied as the *Dispatch*, of Pittsburgh, Pa., was partially destroyed by fire, but the paper was issued as usual on the following day.

As Mrs. Alexander Sayres was about to pass out of St. Luke's Protestant Episcopal Church in Philadelphia, where she had been worshiping, her husband, from whom she had been separated two years, shot her in the back, inflicting a fatal wound.

While the chief engineer of the fire department of New Haven, Conn., who drove the carriage and other members of the department were being shown through the immense establishment of the L. Candee & Co. Rubber Company, a fire broke out in the arctic shoe room and spread with such rapidity that in two hours the building was totally destroyed. A number of workmen were hemmed in by the flames and had to jump for their lives from the third story windows, several of them sustaining severe injuries. The company employed 600 persons, many of them females, and the works were running night and day. The loss is over $600,000 and the insurance about $350,000.

At Morristown, N. J., nine railroad employes were convicted of taking part in the recent labor troubles and were sentenced more or less severely, some receiving ten days' confinement at hard labor added to a fine of $30, while others were let off with imprisonment without fine.

A fire broke out in the Fort Edward (N. Y.) Institute, and the building was totally destroyed, causing a loss of $125,000, on which there is $90,000 insurance. At the time over two hundred students of both sexes were in attendance and many of them lost all their clothing and money.

The vote for governor of New Jersey is as follows, according to the official returns: McClellan (Democrat), 97,830; Newell (Independent), 85,120; Hoxey (Greenback), 4,588; Bingham (Temperance), 1,385.

Western and Southern States.

Ex-United States Marshal Schaffenberger, who has been in the Kansas penitentiary for the past eight months for robbing the national government of $40,000, has been pardoned by the President.

The boiler of the steamer Tom Morgan exploded near Greenville, Miss., and the engineer and owner of the boat were killed.

The schooner Berlin, of Buffalo, struck a reef and went to pieces in Lake Michigan. Captain Johnson and the cook were drowned, but the survivors clung to the rigging in the night and until four o'clock next day, when they were taken off by a lifeboat, although two —the captain's son and a sailor—died from exposure.

The South Carolina and Mississippi State fairs at Columbia and Jackson, opened with a large attendance of visitors.

A fire broke out in the immense retail dry goods establishment of Field, Leiter & Co., at Chicago, Ill., and as the firemen were misdirected to another part of the city the flames gained considerable headway before an attempt was made to extinguish them, in consequence of which the building was completely gutted down to the two lower floors, which were not so much injured as the others. During the progress of the fire a stairway suddenly gave way, burying a number of firemen, instantly killing one and seriously, if not fatally, injuring four more. The loss on the building and stock will not suffer the least inconvenience from the arrangement, and is as full of life as ever. It will be seen that by this mode of treatment all strain is removed from the obstructed larynx, leaving it in the best possible shape for doctoring. As soon as the swelling subsides and the natural passage is again open, the tube will be removed, the hole sewed up and the horse is himself again. As we have said the horse was used at the Bellows House before his sickness, but when Mr. Jarvis, the present proprietor, took charge, he shipped the animal down to his Island Farm, in exchange for one that was sound, which accounts for the presence of the horse on our streets, and consequently for this item.—*Muscatine Iowa) Tribune.*

A Remarkable Curiosity.

A correspondent of an English paper, writing from South Africa, describes a visit to a remarkable curiosity, near Christians, a Transvaal border town: Saaron, sometimes called Zoutspan, is a large stretch of ground about fifteen miles from Christians, on the sides of an extensive salt pan, which on my approach presented a remarkable appearance. All the water had dried up, and the snow-white salt glistening in the moonlight over an extent of ground 1,500 metres in diameter each way had a most bewildering effect, as I took bearings carefully and rode right over it. The incrustations of the sides resemble in taste nitre and soda, but the surface of the pan was a thick layer of pure salt. The following day a succession of whirlwinds careened over the pan, carrying upwards to a height of seventy or eighty yards large quantities of loose salt, which was perfectly defined in the shape of revolving white pillars.

A particularly high-toned Chicago drummer, who prides himself on his charms, forever lost his pride the other day. He drove his fellow-drummers wild in a car by his attentions to a comely maiden, to whom he showed his samples and whose hand he squeezed for half an hour. But when the train stopped a quiet old fellow stepped forward and thanked him for entertaining the girl, remarking: "She is hopelessly insane, and I am taking her to the State asylum here."

Foreign News.

Steps have been taken by the French assembly to have the frauds of the recent elections investigated.

An engagement took place in Cuba between about 400 insurgents and some 300 Spanish regular troops. The Spaniards were surprised and lost twenty-five killed and fifty-three wounded. The report says the Cubans were repulsed, but their loss is not given.

A Russian official dispatch says the Turks were defeated near Erzeroum, with a loss of 2,500 men, the Russian loss being 800 men.

At a consistory to be held at Rome in December four new cardinals will be created.

The Duc de Broglie and M. Gambetta made vigorous speeches in the French assembly, on a motion to inquire into the alleged election abuses. The former favored the motion, while the latter opposed it, and it was finally adopted by a vote of 320 to 203.

A severe famine prevails in northeastern Brazil. Over 100 persons have died for want of food, and thousands more are in need of the necessaries of life.

It is stated that the number of Russians killed, wounded and missing during the war already amounts to nearly 65,000 men.

A Russian dispatch states that the Czar's troops have taken Kars, in Asia Minor, by storm.

The news of the fall of Kars into Russian hands has been confirmed. The fortress was taken by storm after a desperate fight. The Turks lost 5,000 killed and wounded, 10,000 prisoners, 300 cannon, and large quantities of military stores. The Russian loss is about 2,700.

At Oldham, England, fifteen hundred weavers began a strike against a reduction of wages.

CONGRESS---EXTRA SESSION.

Senate.

Mr. Voorhees was sworn and took his seat as successor of Senator Morton, of Indiana.

Mr. Windom introduced a bill to establish a branch of the government to be known as the department of commerce.

Mr. Conkling rose to a personal explanation and denied having held such an "interview" as was attributed to him in the columns of the New York *Herald* of the previous Friday.

The army appropriation bill from the House was read by title and referred to the committee on appropriations.

Mr. Chaffee called up his resolution asking the President to report to the Senate what reasons, if any, there are for not compelling the Union Pacific railroad and its branches to comply with the requirements of the laws to Congress. He supported the resolution by a speech, but it was laid over, as Mr. Saunders desired to speak upon the matter.

A message was received from the House of Representatives announcing the passage of the deficiency appropriation bill, and it was referred to the committee on appropriations.

Mr. Maxey addressed the Senate in regard to the resolution submitted by him, instructing the committee on Indian affairs to inquire into the expediency and propriety of constructing a system of defensive works on the Rio Grande frontier of the United States. Mr. Coke also spoke on the same subject and said the interest at stake was one affecting the prosperity of the whole country. The resolution was referred to the committee on military affairs.

The deficiency appropriation bill was taken up and passed without discussion. The bill next goes to the President for his signature.

The army appropriation bill was then taken up. The recommendation of the senate committee that the army be permitted to recruit up to 25,000 men, instead of up to 20,000 as reported by the House committee, was agreed to, and the bill was then passed. It goes next to the House, for the action of that body on the Senate amendments.

Mr. Hoar presented a remonstrance of officers of savings banks of Worcester, Mass., against the passage of the House bill for the remonetization of silver, which was referred to the committee on finance. The petitioners state that their banks are places of deposit for the working class of Massachusetts, and they have large amounts invested in government bonds, therefore they remonstrate against the passage of a bill which will depreciate the value of those bonds.

Mr. Davis' resolution inquiring into alleged discrepancies in the accounts of the treasury department was discussed, but no action was taken upon the matter.

The Vice-President was authorized to appoint a committee of five to investigate alleged discrepancies in the treasury department as charged in the resolution of Mr. Davis.

The Senate receded from its amendments to the army appropriation bill which were nonconcurred in by the House; the bill was passed and went to the President for his signature.

The bill to enable Indians to become citizens of the United States was taken up and discussed without action.

House of Representatives.

After further discussion the appropriation bill was passed. The bill, as passed, fixes the standard of the army at 20,000 men.

Mr. Phillips introduced a bill providing for the payment of import duties in legal tender notes as soon as they are quoted at par with legal tender coin of the United States.

The deficiency appropriation bill was taken up and discussed. It appropriates $2,240,665, of which $1,446,688 are for the pay of the navy. After general debate the bill was passed.

The bill to repeal the resumption act was taken up, and speeches made in opposition by Messrs. Chittenden and Munroe.

Mr. Glover offered a resolution for investigation into all the departments of government, which was referred to the committee of ways and means.

An amended resolution by Mr. Butler, instructing the judiciary commission to inquire into the facts of the imprisonment of Robert Smalls a member of the House from South Carolina, was adopted.

Debate on the bill repealing the resumption act was resumed. Mr. Keifer offered an amendment prohibiting the cancellation of legal tender greenbacks and authorizing their reissue in payment of all debts against the United States or in exchange for coin or bullion. Mr. Deering offered an amendment postponing resumption from 1879 to 1880. Messrs. Reed and Felton spoke in favor of the repeal of the resumption act and Messrs. Chittenden and Townsend spoke in opposition.

Mr. Ballou declared his belief that the repeal of the resumption act would be detrimental to the business interests of the country. Mr. Eames said the repeal of the resumption clause would be hasty, ill advised, and fraught with great evil alike to the credit and honor of the country at home and abroad.

Mr. Kelley eulogized the greenback, "which served so well in war and was not deserving of the contempt heaped upon it in peace."

Mr. Hartzell said that the resumption act had destroyed all the business transactions of the country, and had taken the money from the pockets of the people and placed it in the possession of the Shylocks and money lenders. He defended the action of the House in passing the silver bill.

Mr. Swann chairman of the committee on foreign affairs, reported a bill relative to the Paris exposition. Referred to the committee of the whole. The bill accepts the invitation received from the Republic of France to take part in the exposition, and appropriates $150,000 to defray expenses in so doing. Mr. Cox offered a substitute appropriating $50,000 for expenses, which was also referred.

Mr. Singleton, from the appropriation committee reported another deficiency bill providing for various insufficient accounts amounting to $1,560,623.

Discussion of the anti-resumption bill was resumed by Mr. Hart who spoke in opposition to the passage of the bill, as did Messrs. McCook and Garfield, the latter making a lengthy speech, in which he said that "the elements were all now in favor of resumption."

Mr. Buckner advocated the passage of the bill repealing the resumption act, saying that "whatever others might do the duty of the House, as the immediate representatives of the people, was plain."

The Paris exposition bill was discussed in committee of the whole. Mr. Mills moved to strike out the enacting clause of the bill (which would be equivalent to its rejection), but the motion was defeated by a vote of 86 to 133. Mr. Cox, of New York, opposed the bill, and Mr. Hewitt spoke in its favor. A motion of Mr. Steele, requiring four of the commissioners to be practical agriculturalists, was adopted.

How the Czar Confers Honors.

Two hundred officers of all ranks breakfast and dine daily at his table, writes the *London Times* war correspondent in Bucharest, referring to the czar. From the youngest to the oldest every eye is fixed on him. Before the meal, in the assembled circle, as the Czar appears, it is seen one day that an aide-de-camp behind him carries a cushion with crosses on it, and, perhaps, half a dozen sword knots of honor—the riband of St. George, orange and black—to be worn attached to the sword hilt. Instantly expectation is at its height. The czar's voice calls the chosen name, all make room for the envied man to pass, he comes blushing and flushed, receives the prize, bends low to kiss the imperial hand, and retires bowing at every step, a made man for life, the admired and courted of all beholders. Then he has to go through the usual embracing and kissing on both cheeks of his friends.

The effect of the system is like magic; it is to concentrate all power and authority absolutely in one center. The czar is the earthly providence of the soldier and officer, as well as the embodiment of the military power and glory of his country. I have seen old officers so overcome with this mark of distinction that they went about for ten minutes after like children, weeping, with the prized decoration in their hands, showing it round, half dazed. No system can be imagined more calculated to stimulate individual efforts to the utmost. Yet, with all this spurring, there is something wanting. It is the individuality and the habit of spontaneous action, which only the education and modes of thought of a free people can supply. Whether it be the long-standing taint of serfdom, whether it be too much imperialism, the initiative is wholly absent. You tell the Russian what to do, and he will spring to it like an obedient child. In a year it never would have occurred to him to do it of himself.

A Fight with a Grizzly.

A short time ago, says the Virginia (Nev.) *Chronicle*, Mr. Buchanan, residing at McKinney's station, Lake Tahoe, was out hunting with two companions, when they suddenly came on a grizzly bear. Mr. Buchanan had during the summer trapped three grizzlies, and had come to the conclusion that he was a born grizzly fighter, and accordingly, when his companions slid up their respective trees, he made after the bear. He hunted the bear for a few minutes, and then the bear turned and began to hunt him. Buchanan rushed back at a pretty lively pace to where his companions were treed, but they were so high up that they could not hear him cry for assistance, or couldn't help him if they did hear him. He had a shot-gun loaded with buckshot, and as the monster neared him he attempted to shoot, but in his hurry and excitement had only half-cocked the weepon. Finding, as he supposed, that his gun was useless, he began running around a clump of bush, with the grizzly at his heels. He finally cocked his gun, and when the bear was but twenty feet away let him have a charge of buckshot in the side of his head, which seemed to temporarily embarrass the animal. Brain soon recovered, however, and went right after his man, when he got the contents of the second barrel in the same place. Abashed, but not defeated, he went again directly for Buchanan, who by this time had rushed to climb the tree where one of his cowardly companions was indifferently looking down upon his peril. At the foot of the tree lay a loaded rifle which the other had drooped, and picking up this he shot the bear, as he advanced, under the fore shoulder, killing him, at which the other men came down and congratulated him on it. When the carcass was cut up two balls were found near the heart, imbedded in callous flesh, showing that the bear had met with rough usage before.

There is no such thing as an easy chair for a discontented man.

The House of Keep.

The great success of the Keep Manufacturing Company is owing to their making the best goods at the lowest price, doing a strictly cash business, and letting the public know what they are doing. It is no secret that the Keep "partly made" shirts have taken a tremendous hold on the public favor. The ease with which these garments are made up by wife, mother or daughter commends the "partly made" to all family men. Nobody now need put the ladies of the household to the trouble of making shirts at home. For those who prefer their shirts completely made, the "Keep Company Dress shirt" is furnished, made to their own measure, if desired, at the rate of $9 for half a dozen, with fine gold-plated sleeve and collar buttons thrown in. The underwear business has assumed large proportions in the hands of this enterprising house. Canton flannel drawers are now finding immense sale, as well as undershirts. The undershirts and drawers of red flannel are in great demand for underwear. They, as well as the "partly made" shirts, are furnished for actually less than it would cost an individual purchaser to buy the material at a retail dry goods store.

"The Patent Protected Rib" Umbrella is a novelty of great value, introduced by "Keep." The ribs of this engine of defense against stormy weather are fastened in such a way that the cover will not blow down from above nor turn inside out. The Keep Manufacturing Company is at 165 and 167 Mercer street, New York, where our readers are welcome to call when in New York, or direct their correspondence if they want shirts, underwear or umbrellas.

The Welfare of the Human System

Is in a great measure dependent upon the way in which the bowels perform their evacuative function. If they are regular—and they can always be rendered so by the use of Hostetter's Stomach Bitters—an important essential of health is secured, and that blessing is very apt to follow. If they are irregular, chronic constipation and indigestion supervene, the liver becomes disordered, and the bile, being diverted from its natural channel and purposes, enters and contaminates the blood, producing that yellowish cast of the skin and whites of the eyes which is such a sure index of biliousness. All these disastrous consequences, as well as others of a far more serious nature, are remedied and prevented by Hostetter's Bitters, the leading American specific for disorders of the bowels, stomach and liver.

BURNETT'S FLAVORING EXTRACTS.—There is no subject which should more engross attention than the purity of the preparations which are used in flavoring the various compounds prepared for the human stomach. Burnett's Ext